



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07492955 9




RO

Clerk



NCW

Bradbury





# HUTOKA:

OR,

## THE MAID OF THE FOREST:

A Tale of the Indian Wars.

---

*By the Author of "Francis Abbott," "Metallak," &c.*

---

BOSTON:

GLEASON'S PUBLISHING HALL, 11-2 TREMONT ROW.

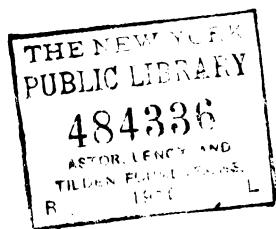
1846.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's  
Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Checked  
May 1913

MAY 1913





# HUTOKA:

OR,

## THE MAID OF THE FOREST.

### CHAPTER I.

'All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades  
Like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind;  
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.  
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,  
And we that worship him, ignoble graves.'

The men and women of this generation, who are now playing their parts in the great theatre of human life, have but little knowledge, except what they gather from history, or glean from tradition, of the trials, the sufferings, and the indomitable perseverance and moral courage of those who have gone before them and now sleep in their silent graves. How many lie buried in our country church-yards, whose hearts once beat high, and whose arms were nerved to protect their wives and children from the tomahawk and the scalping knife, and their hard-earned property from the cruel depredations of the wily savages in the old Indian wars, but whose names, sufferings and noble daring are now forgotten, and not even known to those who constantly travel by their graves in pursuit of their daily avocations!

We well remember our visit, several years ago, to an ancient grave-yard in company with an old man, who had long resided on the side of a romantic hill, but a few rods above it in a South-western direction. This time-honored cemetery was situated on a sandy soil, gently sloping towards the south, and close by a small brook which trickled through a beautiful valley, and at last lost itself in a river which wandered through a broad inlet of rich intervale land on its way to the ocean. This limpid stream once afforded a cool and refreshing home for the little speckled trout that sported in its bubbling waters at the foot of every small cascade whose music was heard along the whole valley; but now those shining tenants of this purling brook are, like angel's visits, few and far between. The hill upon the side of which the old man had pitched his tent, was a very high elevation of land, and overlooked quite an extent of country. From the summit in a clear day, the Atlantic ocean could be seen with the naked eye, and the vessels which were sailing over it. A beautiful intervale too, lay stretched out not far from its base, which extended along the banks of Royal's river, some five or six miles, affording one of the most picturesque landscape views

Willerforce  
Carnes May 5, 1910  
\$55d



musket well; for the necessity of the times compelled them to practice this art. In those days it was no uncommon thing to see a woman fire a gun; but now it would not only be a novel sight, but absolutely shocking to the delicate nerves of the ladies of this refined generation.

We stood in the 'city of the dead,' and the old man who was our companion had lived in those times which tried men's souls. Endowed with remarkable power of memory, and having a ready command of language and, withal disposed to be quite communicative, he was not only an interesting, but also an instructive companion; for there were many facts and incidents treasured up in his memory which were never recorded on the page of history.

'You knew,' said I 'many who sleep in this place, did you not?'

'Ah! young man,' he replied as he leaned upon his cane, and pointed to an old grave near where we stood, 'I did indeed know many—they were the friends and companions of my early days. We stood together in the hour of peril. Many a time have we been hoeing corn on yonder hill-side, our loaded guns standing in the field ready for use in case the Indians made their appearance. There lies one in that ancient grave with whom I have labored month after month. He was a courageous young man, and his musket death to the Indians. He was well known to the wily savages, for he had taught them some severe lessons.

'Did he ever shoot an Indian?' I inquired.

'Let us retire from this grave,' he answered. 'It always makes me feel a sort of fear creep round my heart when I speak of one who lies buried so near me. It seems as if the silent dust might hear me. I know it is superstition, but then I can't well avoid those emotions now, I'm old, and haven't the strength of nerve I once had.'

He now walked to another part of the grave-yard, and I followed him. We passed over several graves quite as ancient, apparently, as the one we had just left. 'The grave we were speaking about, was one of the first made upon this ground,' he continued. 'It holds the remains of a young man who has fought many a battle with the Indians. You asked me if he ever killed a savage. I will tell you, but first we will go to the spot where stood the old Block House. There I can better explain the affair, besides I really don't love to speak of the actions of those upon whose graves I stand. I cannot shake off that superstitious fear which has seized my heart within a few years. It was not so with me once. I could brave almost any danger, and once look an Indian in the face with less fear and trembling than I can now relate the exploits of him who sleeps in this church-yard.'

'You were acquainted with many who lie buried here, I suppose,' said I.

'Yes, but grave-stones do not always speak the truth, or tell the real history of those over whose graves they stand. The grave levels all, but the tomb stones mark quite a distinction. Those who had the stoutest hearts and faced the most dangers lie here with nothing but a rough stone to tell where they sleep, while many, who lived at a later period and suffered nothing but death which affects all alike, have placed over their graves finely chiselled white marble. See yonder large, elegantly wrought grave-stone; it marks the spot where sleeps a young man who did nothing in life to merit such a distinction among the dead. His father was rich and proud, but the son was idle and dissipated. Ah! young man, a grave-yard may teach us the uncertainty of human life, and the necessity for preparing for an exchange of worlds, but its stones give us not true histories of those buried under it.'

'I agree with you that this is not the place to read the true characters of

men,' answered I, 'here pride, riches, parental love, and the world's friendship make their last efforts to gloss our human character, and make it seem to be what it never was.'

'You never spoke truer words,' he replied, 'I know the greater portion of those in life who now sleep here in death, and those who suffered the most, endured the greatest hardships, and braved the most dangers to clear up and settle these lands, have only such flat stones as their friends and relatives could handily find, planted at the head of their graves, while others who enjoyed the fruit of their labor and toil, and lived in the lap of luxury and ease sleep under costly marble with virtues engraved upon it which they never possessed. Ah! the world is filled with deception and false pride, and even the grave-yard is made the theatre of their display. But the time is coming when the dead shall burst the ceremonies of the grave and come forth. Then and not till then will all these false distinctions be abolished, and men will appear in the same characters they wrought out for themselves in life. In that coming day, it will not be asked whether a man slept in a grave, marked by the rough unhewn granite, or ornamented with the beautiful chiselled marble. No, no, men's deeds on earth constitute the character in which they will appear in the other world. As the tree falls, so it must lie.'

'Your superstitious fear seems to have somewhat forsaken you,' said I. 'You talk freely now about men's characters even while we stand among their graves.'

'About general character, and the false distinctions which are made to appear in such places,' he replied.

'But just now you spoke of an idle dissipated young man who now sleeps under that splendid marble yonder,' said I.

'True, but you did not ask me if he ever killed an Indian,' he replied, 'Indians are human beings, and he who kills one commits murder. Men do not love to say they have taken the life of a human being, even if they have committed the act. To speak of such crimes in a place like this always makes me shudder. I never drew up my musket in my life and pointed it at an Indian without fear and trembling, not that I so much dreaded being fired at myself as I did that I might send a human soul into the other world unprepared for the retributions of eternity. This always made me tremble even when I knew it was necessary to save women and children from the tomahawk and scalping-knife.'

The secret of the old man's fear was he did not like to speak of those who had shed human blood in the place where they were buried. The people of that age who were from necessity obliged to fight the Indians to save their own lives and that of their families, seldom, if ever, were known to boast of their savage foes who fell before their well directed muskets. Indeed, there might have been some who would glory in such exploits, but the more sober and thoughtful were not of that character. The man who boasted that he had killed an Indian was generally set down, not only as a liar, but also branded as a coward. Men of that gloomy day did not war upon the savage for the sake of glory, but to protect their own and their wives and children from horrible and bloody deaths.

'It is not a difficult task to appreciate your motives,' I said, 'but to see the reasons may not be quite so easy. Self defence is the first law of nature, and if ever the execution of such a law could be justified, it must have been in those Indian wars when the savage was prowling about the fields and seeking the blood of defenceless women and innocent children. I would not boast of having shed the blood or taken the life of any of God's

creatures, but it seems to me if I had killed an Indian to save my own life, one superstitious fear would prevent me from telling of it.'

'You know not what feelings might now possess your heart, had you lived in those days,' he answered. 'We all partake, more or less, of the feelings and opinions of the age in which we live, and especially when the age is an excited one. It is now a quiet day and men, go about their daily avocations without the fear of being shot, or tortured by a worse death. But then our daily care was to guard ourselves and families, from the cruelty of blood-thirsty savages. No such care now presses the hearts of this generation. All is peace and quietness. We can stand here without our guns upon our shoulders and feel safe, for no hostile Indians are lurking on the banks of yonder brook, and watching for their prey. I have seen them skulking through the thick alders by night and by day, waiting for some convenient opportunity to seize a child or shoot down its mother. Well do I remember those perilous times, and God grant they may never come again. I will tell you of a fight which happened between two white men and three Indians. The battle field was about a mile from this burying-ground on the side of a hill yonder. The two men by the names of Clough and Pettingill, had been to North Yarmouth, carrying each a bushel of corn on their backs for the purpose of getting it ground at the mill there, for there was no grist mill nearer. They were obliged to travel through the woods by spotted trees, as in those days there were no roads. In returning to the black house which was then their home, Pettingill discovered three Indians before they discovered him and his companion, Pettingill was a brave man, but Clough was a coward. Being well armed, the former was for giving battle to the savages, but the latter hesitated. 'We can kill the rascals, or two of them at least, and the third will run away,' said Pettingill. 'Let us lay our bags of meal down here, and creep sily towards them until we reach within gun shot, and then blaze away. Our old muskets are sure, and we can come off conquerors, if we can get within gun shot of them, before they discover us.'

'They will see us, and then we are dead men,' said Clough. Let us go round another way and avoid them. There is one too many. It will never do to make an attack upon them.'

'I'll never go round another way,' replied the dauntless Pettingill. 'They shall die, or run away, or I will fall. These rascals have been lurking about several days. I saw their trail day before yesterday, and knew that there were Indians about. We must not let them pass this time. If you will, Clough, do your duty, we can prevent them doing any mischief.

'I dare not go,' said Clough in a tremulous voice of fear.

'Then by Heaven I will go alone,' answered Pettingill, laying down his bag of meal, while Clough stood trembling. 'Go with me, or I will alarm them now, and then you must fight, or have your scalp taken off.'

This had the desired effect upon the cowardly Clough, and they cautiously proceeded towards their savage foes. The Indians were seated upon an old windfall, eating their supper, for it was quite late in the afternoon. As Pettingill and his trembling companion proceeded on through the thick bushes, occasionally getting a glance at the enemy, one of the Indians suddenly rose up as if he heard something to alarm him. Clough saw his dark form through the bushes, and was tremendously frightened.

'He sees us,' whispered Clough. We had better retreat, or we shall be dead men.'

'Never so long as life remains,' replied Pettingill. 'He heard you tread upon a dry stick, mind where you place your feet, or they will see us sure enough, and we shall lose the advantage which first sight always gives in

these skirmishes. They are full three gun-shots from us. Keep close behind me and step in my tracks.'

The Indian who rose up apparently alarmed, quietly sat down again, and commenced eating with his companions.

'There,' continued Pettingill 'the black scoundrel has sat down again. He's the tallest of the three. I will select him as a mark, and you aim at one of the others. Be careful about this, for we must not both fire at the same one. My brace of bullets is enough for him. Hark! stand perfectly still! I saw one of them put his ear to the ground. We must not move while the wily fellow is in that position, for he would be likely to hear our footsteps.'

'Did'nt he hear us, think?' inquired Clough in a whisper. 'O how I tremble!'

'Steady your nerves,' said Pettingill, 'he did'nt hear any thing. He's a cautious rascal, they are always upon the watch, and their quick ears will catch the smallest sound. There he's on the log again, satisfied that no one is approaching. Now we must hasten our steps as fast as possible, for they may soon be off. They don't like to tarry too long, in one place. We must go a little round so as to creep behind a rise of ground, and when we get there we shall be near enough, and a little above them. Be careful not to over-shoot, hold your gun steady, for it is a case of life or death. If we kill two of them, or even badly wound them, victory will be ours, but if we miss them, our scalps will find their way to Canada.'

They continued on as fast as they could, and not be heard by their wily foes. Clough was close at the heels of his leader, but trembled most violently in every joint, and quite unfitted to make a good shot at any thing, much less at Indians who were always a terror to him. They now began to ascend a little eminence in rear of the enemy, and as soon as they reached its summit the Indians would be in full view within a gun-shot below them.

'See that all's right,' whispered Pettingill. 'We are just there.' For God's sake mind and take deliberate aim and kill your man. Fire upon the instant you hear my gun. Don't hurry, but be steady and collected as if you were shooting a partridge.'

They now were upon the top of the knoll, and the Indians in full view with their backs towards them. Pettingill's gun was at his shoulder in an instant, and ready for a deadly aim, but the moment Clough brought his piece to his shoulder, he fired without waiting for Pettingill according to the understanding between them. When Pettingill heard the report of of his companion's gun, he was almost provoked enough to discharge his gun at Clough instead of the Indian, but he blazed away at the tallest Indian the instant Clough fired. Pettingill did not make so good a shot as he probably would have done, if his companion had not first fired. This somewhat provoked and disconcerted him so that he only broke the Indian's leg. Clough overshot, and did no execution at all. The moment the guns went off, two of the enemy were upon their feet, and the wounded one rolled from the log upon which he was sitting, as if he had received his death wound.

'Reload!' said Pettingill, 'and let us give it to them. No time is to be lost.'

The Indians recovering from their fright, and seeing Pettingill above them fired upon him while he was reloading his gun. The balls ploughed up the ground near his feet, but he escaped uninjured. Soon his gun was reloaded, and again he fired while the Indians were again charging their guns. His ball grazed the arm of one of them, but did no further execution. The Indians then rushed towards him, and seized upon him before they had

loaded their guns. A severe struggle ensued and Pettengill was wounded in the arm so that he was obliged to yield to superior force and numbers. Clough as soon as he fired, ran and stuck his head into a hollow log which was near by. There he remained trembling, with his body exposed during the whole contest. The Indians, having bound Pettengill, went to Clough and hauled his head out of the hollow log, and a more sheepish, frightened man was never seen before. They securely tied Clough's hands behind him and then released Pettengill's wounded arm. The Indian who had been wounded was soon enabled to hobble along, and they started off, but before they did so they placed one of the bags of meal upon Clough's back and made him carry it.

They travelled about six miles that night and encamped. Pettengill was treated much more kindly than Clough was. Although they were cowards themselves, yet they did not hesitate to make all manner of sport of poor Clough. They would twit him by every sign in their power. The first night they encamped, one of the younger of the Indians found a hollow log near their camping ground, and made Clough go and thrust his head into it to the amusement of the whole company. And no one was more amused than Pettengill himself. Wounded as he was and taken prisoner, still he could not help laughing at such an exhibition. He cared not how much fun they made of his fellow prisoner, for if he had stood his ground the Indians would have fled from the scene of battle and left their wounded companion to the mercy of the victors. During their whole way to Canada, whither the prisoners were bound, Clough was treated in the same way, while Pettengill was highly commended by these savages for his bravery. The youngest Indian was a mirth-loving fellow, and let no opportunity pass unimproved when he could have some sport with Clough. No hollow log escaped his notice on the way, and Clough's head was always sure to make a very intimate acquaintance with it, and to measure the size of its cavity.

'Pettengill has told me,' said my old companion, 'after his return from captivity that Clough's head actually measured more than twenty hollow logs on their journey through the woods. He said he never saw a man in his life so completely the butt of ridicule as poor Clough was with those Indians who captured him. What became of him Pettengill never knew. He supposed he was finally murdered, or died of a broken heart. They were separated when within a few miles of Canada line and Pettengill never saw him afterwards. He once saw the young Indian who made sport of Clough, but he could get nothing satisfactory out of him. All the young savage would say was that his head was in a hollow log.'

Pettengill was absent about eighteen months, and during that time lived on very friendly terms with the Indians, but he finally made his escape, and returned home. Pettengill always believed that the Indians tortured Clough to death, cut off his head, scalped it and buried it in a hollow log. Be this as it may, he never returned home, and I was never heard of after his separation from Pettengill.

'We will now go to the spot where stood the old block house,' continued my venerable companion. 'What I have related to you about Clough and Pettengill is literally true, and no fiction. He was a persevering man, but his hatred to the Indians was somewhat abated, they treated him so well, and made so much sport of the unfortunate Clough. He and I have had many a hearty laugh over poor Clough, yet our mirth was often tempered, and our feelings somewhat saddened by the reflection that he must have suffered much with the savages before they finally made an end of him. It was fortunate for Pettengill, if he must have been a captive that he was



taken under such peculiar circumstances. No doubt, he owed much for the kind treatment he received from the savages, to the cowardice of Clough, and the mirth-loving disposition of the young Indian. Pettingill always contended that the Indians were as fond of sport as the white men, notwithstanding their sober, sedate and even sulky appearance.'

## CHAPTER II.

In accordance with the expressed wish of my old companion, we now stood on the very spot where was once raised the walls of the ancient Block House, within which lived the men and women of another generation. It was a place dear to the old man, for here he had passed his youthful days, here he first heard his mother pray, and here he first heard his father's voice. Often in the summer season he visited this sacred spot, and called up the recollections of the great past.

'Ah! young man,' said he in a voice which plainly told how many deeply interesting associations clustered about his aged heart. 'I love to be in this place, and yet memory brings to my view many scenes of sorrow as well as gladness. Here was I born in a log cabin, before the black house was built when the Indians was somewhat friendly; but a few years after my birth, the lowly hut in which I first saw the light was torn down, and the garrison erected upon the spot where it stood. The savages became blood-thirsty and dangerous, and we were obliged to build a strong house to protect us against their assaults, or remove from our farms which were our all. The people for several miles around joined together and erected the house, traces of which you can now see. A more friendly brotherhood never associated together.'

'While we were in yonder grave-yard a short time since, you spoke of a young man near whose grave we stood,' said I.

'Yes, he was several years older than I,' he replied. 'I never shall forget him, for he once saved my life as well as his own.'

'How so?' I inquired, feeling anxious to hear more from my aged companion.

'I will tell you,' he answered. 'In the early part of November many years ago, he took me out with him to shoot some partridges. I was big enough to carry the birds, but not old enough to shoot them, so I had no gun. There was a little snow upon the ground, and no trail of the Indians had been seen for several days. It was supposed that they had gone off into winter quarters, for they were afraid to lurk round very near the block house lest they might be tracked in the snow, pursued and overtaken by the white men. We started out soon after breakfast, not intending to go more than a half a mile from the garrison, but before we were aware of it, we had passed up the valley of yonder brook more than a mile from the garrison without finding any game. The name of my companion was James Parsons, and was then about twenty years old. A more resolute fellow, and one who hated the Indians more than he did, could not be found. He always said he meant to kill an Indian before he died. One reason why he bore such a hate towards the savages was, I suppose, his father

for  
igh  
ay  
not  
was once wounded by one, and ever after that he swore eternal vengeance upon the whole race. As I was saying, we had passed up the valley of the brook a mile or more, but found no game.

'Come,' said Parsons, 'we are not far from Lily Pond, let us go there and perhaps we can find some ducks, or otters.'

This pond was a small sheet of water, not more than a half a mile long, and nearly as wide, situated in the midst of plains, and surrounded by a pine growth. On the eastern shore rose quite a hill, covered with hard wood trees. It was a beautiful pond and derived its name from the large number of white lilies which grew in it. In the fall of the year it was a great resort of wild ducks, and occasionally otters were seen about its shores, and diving after fish to its bottom.

'I would'nt go,' I replied. 'Perhaps there may be Indians about the pond, and they would kill us.'

ov  
ex  
er  
hi  
art  
not  
'The Indians have all gone to Canada,' he said. 'I wish I could meet one, I'd give him the contents of father's old gun, and pay up some old scores I owe the rascals. This old gun has killed more than one Indian, and it may yet kill another. Father said he brought one down with it when he was wounded, so that it has learnt the trick of killing the blood-thirsty scoundrels, and has'nt yet forgot it.'

ep  
it  
ov  
as  
ter  
ind  
me  
are  
ere  
ter  
not  
We passed the pond. The ice had made round the shores, and as we stood looking about: we saw three otters upon the ice at play like three black dogs. They seemed to have fine sport chasing each other about, and occasionally one would break through the ice where it was thin, but he cared not for that; soon he would be out again and ready for the chase. It was a deeply interesting sight for me, and made my heart jump almost into my mouth. And my companion was not a little excited, for the skin of one of these animals was quite valuable. Two of them would buy a cow. They were sleek looking fellows, and their fur would shine like silver in the rays of the sun.

'Now we must proceed cautiously,' said Parsons, for they are as shy as a wild duck, if they see or hear us, they will go under water and swim to some hole about the shore, and we shall not see them again.'

or  
se  
When we first discovered them, they were not far from a brook which formed the only inlet to the pond. This stream ran through some low boggy land, and its banks were full of holes which made safe retreats for otters and muskrats.

te-  
'If they discover us, they will make for the brook,' continued Parsons. 'I have been here before, and know their habits well. You must lie here, and I will creep down towards them. They havn't seen us yet.'

ny  
ing  
no  
ns  
of  
ck  
by  
go  
it,  
he  
as  
te  
d.  
on  
er  
We were at this time, some three or four gun-shots from them. I concealed myself behind a large maple tree, while Parsons cautiously crept down towards the shore of the pond. I was under great excitement, especially after he had got almost near enough to fire, and the otters still at play. I had my eye upon him, expecting every moment to hear the report of his gun, and see one, if not two of the otters lay kicking upon the ice. While I was thus anxiously gazing upon him, I heard the sharp report of a gun; but I knew it was not Parsons gun; for he had not raised his gun to his shoulder. I saw a cloud of smoke rise from a bunch of bushes upon the opposite side of the brook, and two of the otters making their last struggles upon the ice. Instantly an Indian sprang up from behind the bushes, and was about to bound towards the game he had killed, when he discovered Parsons who rose up on his feet the moment he heard the Indian's gun. Soon as the savage saw Parsons, he retreated back a few paces and skulked behind a large pine tree, and began to load his gun. Parsons knowing the

Indian's mode of fighting, thought at first he would rush towards him and shoot him before he had time to charge his gun again; but the distance was such, and the Indian so expert in loading, that he feared he might not reach him before he would be ready to fire; therefore upon a moment's reflection, he thought it most prudent to adopt the same plan the wily savage had, and esconce himself behind a tree. He instantly rushed behind a large pine stub, about a gun-shot from the tree behind which the Indian was loading his gun. I gazed upon these movements with the most intense anxiety, and trembled like a leaf. I was afraid the Indian would kill Parsons, and hurry me off to Canada. Never have I, in the whole course of my life, felt such agony, as I felt at that time. It seemed to me that I should actually die of fear. It is impossible for me to describe the sensations which then crowded my heart. I would have given worlds to have been within the thick walls of the old block house. No tongue can tell my emotions. My heart was in my throat, and I could scarcely breathe. My hair felt like bristles or porcupine quills upon my head, and the blood froze in my veins. It seemed to me that each moment was more painful than death itself. Yes—I even wished I was dead, but I would not die. I gazed first upon one tree and then upon the other, until I became so blind, I could scarcely see either of them. The Indian having loaded his gun, peeped out from behind the tree, but instantly drew back his head again, lest Powers might make an additional hole in it. Parsons also did the same, being exceedingly careful not to let his head become a mark for the gun of his savage foe. During several minutes, they continued to make these movements neither daring to expose any part of his body to the fire of the other. At last both fired at nearly the same moment. The ball from the Indian's gun grazed the top of Parson's hat, and stuck fast in a dry limb which run out from the stub, but Parson's ball did better than that, for it struck the Indian's arm about half way between his wrist and elbow. No bone was broken as it only grazed the flesh. The blood flowed freely, but the Indian was not so wounded but he proceeded to prepare for another shot as also did antagonist. After Parsons had reloaded his gun he thought struck him that he would deceive his cunning enemy if he could, and for this purpose he held up his hat so that the Indian could see it, letting just enough of it become exposed to the view of the Indian to give him a good mark to fire at, and at the same time to make him believe his head was in it. The keen eye of the savage saw the hat, and in an instant the report of his gun went booming over the surface of the pond. The ball penetrated the hat just above the brim, Parsons let it drop and rushed towards the savage who, seeing the hat fall, thought he had done up his work of death, and came out from behind the tree. He saw Parsons coming towards him, and turned to seek safety in flight, more willing to trust his legs at that critical moment than to the tree. When he turned to run for his life, Parsons drew up his gun and fired. The ball struck the Indian in his back just above his hips, and broke it. He fell fatally wounded, but did not die immediately, Parsons went up to him and at once saw that he had no more to fear from his wounded foe. As he came up, the Indian attempted to throw his tomahawk at him, but he had not strength sufficient to do any execution with it. The weapon fell harmlessly upon the ground some two or three feet from its dark owner. Parsons took it up and sank its edge deep in the forehead of the dying savage. One groan and all was still. When I saw the Indian fall, I felt as if I could breathe freely once more, and hastened to my friend. I saw the savage lying upon his back with his dark and ghastly face upturned to the clear sky.

'He was a cunning rascal,' said Parsons, 'but I outwitted him this time.'

He was a good shot too, see my hat. The ball hit fair, and if my head had been in the hat, you would have been taken to wait upon his squaw. I'm now satisfied. I have killed an Indian, and who knows but it may be the same one that wounded my father. He was a stout fellow, I should have been terribly squeezed if I had clinched in with him, I should rather been hugged by an old she bear who had lost her cubs.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before we heard the bushes crack not far distant.

'Hark!' whispered Parsons, 'I hear something in the bushes. Crouch down. It may be another Indian.'

I didn't have to crouch down, for I fell upon the ground petrified with fear. He took me up and carried me a little distance and laid me at the foot of a tree behind which he placed himself to wait for coming events. I was almost in a state of unconsciousness. He had not stood long before a large bear, attracted by the smell of blood, made his way towards the dead Indian. Parsons kept still while the bear smelt along upon the ground occasionally raising his head and snuffing the air as if he either feared some danger, or was bent on having a good meal. Cautiously the creature walked towards the body of the Indian, now and then stopping as if he feared to proceed, but compelled by his appetite he pressed along, and at last thrust his claws into the dead body, when Parsons fired and shot him through the heart. He leaped as the ball struck him and fell dead on the body of the Indian. The report of the gun roused me up to a consciousness of what was passing. Parsons thought this was enough for one morning's work, and after securing the two otters which the Indian had shot we started for the block house. When we arrived much joy was manifested at our good luck in killing two otters before any thing else we had done was known, for Parsons kept dark, and did not tell the folks what game he had killed beside otters.

We had taken the Indian's gun home with us, and much curiosity was excited to find out where it came from. One guessed one thing and another a different thing, but they finally concluded some Indian had lost it and that we had found it. Parsons told them he had killed a bear, but he said nothing about killing the Indian. On the way home he cautioned me not to say a word about what he had done, and I kept silent. Soon a party rigged out and started to bring the carcass of the bear home. Six men accompanied Parsons back to the Pond, but not one of them knew a word about his having killed an Indian until they came to the place where lay the bodies of the bear and the Indian. The effect such a sight had upon them can be better imagined than described. There lay the carcass of the bear across the dead body of the Indian, looking as if they had been fighting until they had actually killed each other in the struggle.

The Indian was buried near the spot where he fell, and a stake stuck up to mark his grave. Parsons never would acknowledge he shot the Indian, but always said he presumed the bear had killed him. It was well known, however, that he did kill him. I never shall forget the prayer a good old deacon made the following Sabbath in the block house on this very spot. He thanked the Lord that Parsons' life and mine had been preserved from the attacks of wild beasts, and from the worse cruelty of their savage foes. Never did any prayer have such an effect upon my heart. I remember it now as if it were but yesterday the deacon uttered it.

'There was no hypocrisy in that prayer, I presume,' said I.

'No, no,' replied the old man. 'It came up ardent and sincere from the deacon's heart, and was heard beyond the skies. In those perilous days men prayed because they really felt it a duty to pray, and not to be heard

of men, but of God. At such a period men really felt the need of divine protection; for they were surrounded by perils on every side; but now alas! I fear they do not, in these quiet peaceable times, feel such a necessity resting upon them.'

Notwithstanding my old companion was a humble, pious Christian, yet his religion did not make him gloomy and sad. It is true, when he recollected some of the incidents of his early life, he was quite serious, for they had made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind, but when memory brought before him some other transactions of which he had been a witness in those Indian wars, he was disposed to be quite cheerful, and could enjoy a joke with a good relish.

During this interview he related to me many incidents of a laughable as well as of a serious character. He told me there was a young man in the block house who was a very awkward fellow. His name was Oaks and he hailed from North Yarmouth. He came with his mother to the garrison to seek protection from the savages, as other inmates of the house did. In this little community there were many duties to be performed, and among them, standing as sentinel at the port holes of the block house during the night, was an important one.

For many months a night watch was considered indispensable, lest the garrison might be surprised by the Indians while its inmates were in the arms of sleep. After Oaks came there, his turn to stand sentinel soon came round. This young man was a very tall, robust, uncultivated fellow, but strictly honest, single hearted, and disposed to do his whole duty in every station so far as he knew what his duty was. He was one of those characters who would follow not only the strict, but the very letter of his instructions, happen what might. He did not look so much to the consequences of his acts as he did to obey orders in every particular. One night he was placed as sentinel with strict orders to keep a sharp lookout for the Indians who at that time were often seen lurking about. Among other things it was said to him, that if he saw anything in the night move about the garrison, he must say through the port holes, "stand!" three times, and if he received no answer at the third warning he must fire.

Having received his instructions he took his part with a stout heart, determined to do his whole duty. The inmates of the block house retired to rest. There was no moon that night to aid the vision of the sentinel in discovering the Indians, if any approached within the sound of his voice. There were a few scattering clouds which occasionally obscured the light of the stars, and rendered it exceedingly difficult for Oaks to distinguish one object from another at any considerable distance. Faithfully did he keep his post, often peering out of the watch-holes into the darkness of the night, and straining his eyes in every direction to discover any object which might have life or motion. Midnight had arrived, but as yet the sentinel had made no discoveries. Occasionally the night-winds would move the branches of the alder bushes which grew near by, and his quick eye would see them. Often had he been on the point of crying out, stand! when he saw the motion of the trees and shrubbery, but a second look would enable him to discover the real cause of his alarm, and he remained silent.

Soon after midnight the whole garrison was awakened from slumber by the stentorian voice of Oaks, exclaiming, stand! STAND!! STAND!!! Immediately after he had given the third warning in a much louder voice than he had the previous ones, the loud report of his musket was heard echoing through the block house, and reverberating along the valley of the brook. The men, women and children were greatly alarmed, supposing the garrison was attacked by the Indians. Soon the men were dressed and their

guns in their hands ready to defend their wives and children against the cruel butchery of the savages.

'I've killed one of the rascals,' said Oaks. 'I saw him jump and then fall dead on the spot. The other black devils have run away I guess; for I could see no more of them after I blazed away.'

'Where was he when you fired?' inquired one.

'About a gun-shot to the north,' replied Oaks. 'I saw him slyly moving about among the bushes, but he would not obey orders and I bored him through with my trusty old piece. He'll tell no tales to his savage brothers I can assure you. When I take deliberate aim with this old iron, the mark must be hit, and no mistake.'

'Did he make any noise when you fired?' asked another.

'I didn't hear any, but I saw him fall,' answered Oaks, while the big drops of sweat stood on his brow, and his breast swelled with violent emotions. 'he hadn't strength to utter a single cry; for I've no doubt I put the blue pill right through his heart, and stopped his wind at once.'

'Do you think there were more Indians about?' inquired a buxom girl, feeling quite alarmed, and much pleased with the feat Oaks had performed; for since he and his mother had taken up their residence in the block house he had shown some partiality to this young lady.

'I know not,' replied Oaks; 'for I got my eye on the one I shot and was determined not to lose sight of the lurking scamp, lest I might miss him. There might have been others round, but it is lucky for them they didn't come in range of my old gun; for if they had I should have made the stars shine through them.'

'Oh I'm glad you shot one of them, for that will frighten off the others,' said the lady. Oaks was really flattered with these remarks, and began to reload his gun that he might be ready for future exploits. There was no more sleep in the block house during the remainder of that night. All were watching and anxiously waiting for day-light that they might ascertain what Oaks had done. It was thought prudent to keep within the walls of the garrison, for should they go out they might be discovered and fired into by the Indians.

Early in the morning the men took their guns and sallied out. Oaks led off, and went directly to the dead body of a grey horse. It seems that he mistook the horse as he was feeding about among the alders for an Indian.

'This horse was the first one ever owned in the town,' said my old companion, while a smile passed over his wrinkled features. 'Oaks never got rid of the joke while he lived in the block house; for frightful as the times were, men would have some innocent fun and amusement, and the joke about Oaks and the old grey horse lasted for years.'

'How did that buxom girl stand affected when she found that Oaks had killed an old horse instead of an Indian?' I inquired.

'She would have no more to say to him?' replied my old friend. 'She was a spirited, ambitious girl, and could not endure to be laughed at. The old grey horse was flung in her teeth so much that she dismissed Oaks. It was a hard case for him; for he was really an honest, single hearted fellow, and fancied the girl very much. She became one of the worst tormentors of Oaks in the garrison. It was too bad; for he would have made her a kind husband, and they might have lived happily together. But Oaks, poor fellow, never was married. This little incident about the horse so much affected his nerves that he never overcome it. He lived and died a bachelor. Well do I remember the impression this made upon me at the time, and although I was but a mere boy, yet the whole affair is as vivid in my recollection as if it happened yesterday. In my experience and obser-

vation through life I have found that men can bear up under almost anything better than they can ridicule. Young man, in your intercourse in society you will find it so, therefore avoid becoming an object of ridicule yourself, and be cautious how you sting others with it. Early in life I learned a valuable lesson from the unfortunate Oaks, and I never have forgotten it. It taught me to be cautious not to trifle with the feelings of the human heart, however awkward and uncouth the body might be in which that heart beat.'

### CHAPTER III.

In the two preceding chapters we have been altogether too much confined to matter of fact to give much freedom to our pen, but we shall now dismiss our venerable companion, and wander more into the regions of fiction, keeping in view, however, some leading incidents in the history of the times which that living and moving chronicle communicated to us. Our object hitherto has been to describe the place, and give some inklings of the character of the people where the scene of our story is laid. And we thought we could not do so in any better way than by recording some facts and occurrences which the old man related to us of the times in which he lived, for to that period our narrative runs back. Although the incidents and stories which we have recorded in the foregoing chapters are facts, penned in nearly the same language in which they were told us by our aged companion, yet they have not all a necessary connection with what is to follow except so far as they may give to the reader a knowledge of the place where our scene is laid, and of the perilous days in which our *dramatis personæ* lived and moved in this vale of tears.

We have selected a spot about twenty miles North from Portland in the State of Maine, where we have begun our chronicles, and have chosen a time when the Indians were making war upon the whites, and butchering women and children to the extent of their means and opportunities. Times have changed and we have changed with them is an old adage, and a true one, but whether we have changed for the better so far as moral courage, honesty, integrity, and perseverance is concerned, is a very questionable matter. True we live in an age of more light, and have a thousand facilities for doing good, where our fathers hardly had one, but for strongly marked character—for great individuality, and indomitable perseverance, we believe they were far in advance of us. Our heads have indeed been tasked, but their souls were tried. We move in masses and by steam, they stood poised on their own individuality, and forced their way into the unbroken forest by muscular strength and moral courage. We fly across the country upon railroads; they, by forced marches on snow-shoes, over mountains and through valleys, were obliged to plod their way. It is good for us to look back and learn how our ancestors lived; to call to mind the trials and struggles they passed through to give us this fair heritage. Young men and maidens then married because they loved each other; but now marriage contracts are bought and sold, and sometimes through the agency of a broker. Every eye then, as the great poet of nature would have it, negotiated for itself and trusted no agent. But we must deal no more in generalities, but hasten to commence our story, lest the reader should become impatient.

A fine illustration accompanying a steamboat in the presence of the beautiful Hutoka.

*The Indian shooting a Catamount in the presence of the beautiful Huloa.*







In the summer of the same year, when young Parsons shot the Indian and the bear, on the shore of Lily Pond, and some two or three months previous to that enterprise, he and an old hunter, were cruising about in the vicinity of a small lake about two miles in length, called Sabbath-day pond, from the fact of its being first discovered on Sunday. This sheet of pure crystal water, is situated not far from two miles West of Lily pond, and forms the head, or one of the heads of Royal's river; a stream which runs through a large tract of fine intervalle, lying about a half a mile below the old black house, in a South-east direction. The old hunter's name was William Rowe, usually called 'old Bill,' and a daring fellow he was too, besides being a great terror to the Indians; for they had witnessed some feats of his strength and skill in shooting. Parsons was a great favorite of Old Bill because he hated the Indians as heartily as he did himself,—besides this, Parsons was a fine hunter for one of his age, and delighted always to accompany Old Bill in these excursions. It was nearly, or quite noon, when they came in sight of the pond, and they were hungry; for they had been travelling in the woods since early in the morning.

'Come,' said the old hunter, 'let us have a mess of trout for dinner. You've got your hook and line with you, I'll warrant. You young dog, you always go prepared for all kinds of game, but the girls. You haven't baited your hook for them yet.'

'How do you know that?' inquired Parsons. 'Perhaps I have baited my hook and they wouldn't bite at it.'

'Ah! you rogue!' replied Old Bill. 'They'll bite sharp enough at your hook, even if it was bare. The gals like just such a chap as you are—good looking, smart and courageous to a fault. There's Dorcas Rand, why she loves you as she does her own eyes, and they are very sharp black one's too, she's a constitution that will stand all kinds of weather. Git her Jim, and you can raise a host of boys to fight the Indians.'

'I'm in no hurry to have a wife,' said Jim, as his old friend familiarly called him. 'To raise up the boys you spoke of, would keep me too much at home. Why, you were never married; and I don't think I shall be very soon, unless I see some girl I love more than I have yet. I'm too proud of the woods and of hunting, like yourself, to be confined at home by a wife and children. No, no, I must have my liberty to roam where I please for some years yet to come.'

'Why, don't you mean to marry that Dorcas, who loves you so much?' he asked smiling. 'Her heart will break, if you don't make a wife of her Jim.'

'Her heart is not so easily broken as you imagine, perhaps,' replied Parsons. 'I would not have her if she owned the old garrison and all that's in it.'

'She's good looking and smart,' said old Bill.

'Yes, and a temper worse than a wildcat,' replied the young man. 'She would scratch my eyes out before we had been married a month.'

'Well, I don't know but you're half right,' said the old hunter. 'I suppose you had rather make your nest with a porcupine than with her. She's too many sharp quills for you, eh? It may be so. Keep a bright look out, Jim, and not let the dear creatures get round you with their sparkling eyes and soft words.'

'I'm safe as yet,' replied Parsons. 'I once had a glimpse at an Indian girl who was with her father, and if I had had my gun, I would have shot the father and secured the daughter.'

'When did you see her?' inquired his friend. 'I've heard of her, but never saw her. She frequently accompanies her father I understand.'

'It wasn't more than a mile from the block house,' he answered. 'I was in pursuit of our cow just at sun-set. The cow had strayed away farther than usual, and hearing the sound of the bell, I followed on. When I arrived within a few rods of the cow, I thought I heard voices; so I softly crept along until I came to an open space, and there I saw a big Indian holding the cow by the horns, and a beautiful girl milking her into a dish made from birch bark. She would milk away a few moments, and then carry the dish to her father who drank from it. Twice I saw him drink milk, while he stood holding the cow, and the third time the little dish was filled, the Indian girl drank it herself. She was a most beautiful creature, straight as an arrow, and motions quick and graceful as a deer.'

'You're romancing young man,' said Old Bill. 'When did you see this wonderful sight?'

'Not more than a week since, and the image of that Indian girl is stamped upon my heart,' replied Parsons. 'Upon my honor I'm not joking. I did see what I have told you, but I never have named it before to any one, and I wish you to keep it a secret. I may meet her again. I tell you she is the handsomest female I ever saw.'

'Why, Jim, you're in love head and ears,' said Old Bill, laughing heartily, 'and with an Indian girl too. That's a capital joke. We must look out for you, or you will turn traitor and join our savage foes.'

'Never,' replied the young man. 'I would like to join that girl, but upon the Indians I have sworn eternal revenge. I saw her countenance distinctly, and her red lips and dark eyes. Her long black hair hung almost down to the earth, and such a handsome form, and nimble steps! Oh! if you could see her, it would rouse your old blood and make it rush quicker through your veins.'

'I should like to see such an angel,' said Old Bill. 'I never heard of a black angel before, and surely it would be a novel sight to see one. Well, Jim, strange things do happen in this world, that's a fact. You'll have to kill off the old father before you can catch the daughter. It is a pity you didn't happen to have your gun with you when he was holding the cow by the horns. Nonsense! What am I talking about! You're trying to play a joke upon me, you young rogue.'

'No, no. I tell you I'm not,' replied Parsons seriously and sincerely. 'I have seen such a girl as I have described.'

'Well, I must believe you now, Jim; for I never knew you to lie in earnest,' he replied. 'It must be the same Indian girl I have heard the old hunters speak of. They said she was very handsome, but their blood was not quite so warm as yours seems to be, for they were not so enraptured with her charms as you are. I wish we could run across her track—kill the old one, and carry her home alive and kicking. How they would stare at the garrison to see us bring home a live Indian girl!'

They had now arrived at the outlet of the pond, and Parsons prepared his hook and line for angling. Old Bill sat down upon the banks of the stream, and quietly waited to see the sport. The young man threw in his hook, and soon a large trout was landed close to the old hunter.

'Ah! this is a fine one. Another as large will give us a good meal,' said Old Bill, raising the wiggling fish and taking him from the hook.

The angler again threw in his hook for another. While he was playing the bait upon the surface of the running stream, Old Bill's voice was heard in a whisper saying—'Hush! Jim. Softly! Let the trout have the bait and don't pull him out.'

As the old hunter spoke, a trout, larger than the first, had seized the bait and fastened himself on the hook, and at the same moment the old man's

eyes caught a glimpse of a female form through the bushes, which skirted the banks of the outlet, and gave his young companion warning; but Parsons knew not what he meant by such a movement; for his eyes were so intensely fixed upon the trout as he was carrying away the line, that he did not discover the object which attracted the attention of the old hunter, and called from him such an exclamation.

Soon an Indian girl was seen crossing the stream, upon a tree which had been felled across it just below where Parsons stood. When she was about half way across she stopped, and, gazing upon the young angler, smiled and placed her hand upon her bosom in token of her friendship and love. The old hunter, fearing her father, or some other Indians might be near, seized his gun which was leaning against a small tree, close at his side, and prepared for the worst, while Parsons stood in wonder and amazement, still holding his fishing rod, and gazing upon her beautiful form as it was most admirably poised upon the tree midway the stream. She stood a moment, and then bounded across with the fleetness of a young deer. Even the old hunter was struck with her beauty as she ran on the fallen tree across the water, and bounded up the steep bank.

In a moment she was beside the astonished angler, and seizing his fishing rod, she pulled out the trout which had fastened himself upon the hook when the old man first discovered her. Throwing the trout upon the bank, she bounded up after it, apparently much rejoiced at the feat she had performed. She disengaged the shining trout from the hook, and running her small fingers through its gills, presented it to the love-stricken Parsons. He took it from her fair hand, but no words passed between them. The old hunter was a silent spectator of the scene, but he kept an eye upon both sides of the stream, lest an older and more dangerous Indian should be pointing his gun at them. He was a shrewd man, and was too well acquainted with the Indian character to be caught napping. The thought first struck him that this girl's father had discovered them, and sent her to engage their attention, while he could place himself in a position to shoot them, or disable them at a single shot. This suspicion grew stronger and stronger in his mind, when he saw how pleasant and familiar she was with his young companion, but Parsons had no such thoughts. He knew she was the female he saw milking his cow, and giving the milk to an old Indian. There was no room in his heart at this time for any thing but love and admiration. Why she came there, or why she was so familiar with him he knew not, and he cared not, so long as he was permitted to put his eyes upon her charms. When he took the trout from her, by accident his forefinger touched her hand, and strange to say, the touch made the blood course more humbly through his veins. Hating the Indians as he always did, and swearing vengeance upon them as he had a thousand times, yet he now felt strangely about the regions of the heart, at the simple touch of an Indian girl's hand. Love metamorphoses a person's habits with a strange and irresistible power. Hardy, spirited and ambitious as the young angler was, he could not resist the talisman of love.

The old hunter, believing his young companion's mouth was forever closed up by some magic or other, and fearing that the girl's father might be lurking round in the bushes to make sure his work of death, stepped towards Parsons and this flower of the forest and said, 'Are you alone, fair maiden, or did some one come with you?'

'I'm not alone now, for this young man is with me,' she replied in a sweet voice; while a smile played over her brunette features.

'Did any one come with you?' inquired the old man, keeping a close watch on the surrounding bushes as if he feared the approach of an enemy.

'No, Sir. I came alone from my father's lodge, over the hill yonder,' she replied, pointing with her finger to the hill where a family of Shakers now have a settlement.

'How dare you go alone through the thick woods?' asked Old Bill.

'The white man will never hurt me,' she replied, 'I never injured him. This young man would fight for and protect me, would you not?' And she turned her soft black eyes upon the agitated Parsons, as if she felt in the inmost recesses of her heart that he would guard her from all harm and danger.

'Heaven knows I would lay down my own life to save yours,' said Parsons, gazing into her beautiful face as if he had no power to turn his eyes away from the charms which he saw there.

'Now you talk like a whole-souled lover,' said the old man, smiling, and admiring the beauty and innocence of this Indian girl. Then turning to the fair maiden, he continued, 'You will go home with us. The young man will take good care of you in the block house, no body could harm you there.'

'I've seen the great wigwam of the white man down yonder,' she replied, pointing towards the southeast.

'Will you go with us then?' anxiously inquired Parsons, feeling encouraged from what she said that she would accompany them.

'Oh! no,' she answered. 'The daughter must live with her father in his wigwam. He's quite old now, and will soon need more of his daughter's care and attention. Perhaps I might go, if he would go too, but he never will, for he hates the white man and would shoot him. I love the white man, for my mother was a white woman, and lived in Canada. She taught me to speak English, but she's dead now, I never shall hear her voice again. O, how I loved her!'

'How long has she been dead?' inquired Parsons.

'Four years,' she replied, while a tear stood in her clear, dark eye.

'And did you live in the woods?' asked the old hunter.

'Always lived in the woods,' she answered, 'I was born in the woods not far from Iroquois river, and there my mother died.'

'Why does your father hate white man so much?' inquired Parsons, 'If he would come and live with us we would treat him kindly.'

'White man once insulted my mother when father was absent hunting,' she said. 'He never will forgive that insult, he hates the whole race of them. I have tried to persuade him to discard all such prejudices, but he has sworn before the Great Spirit to be revenged upon them, and he will never break his oath. He would kill all in your wigwam, if he had the power.'

'Does he treat you kindly?' asked Parsons.

'Always,' she replied. 'Sometimes he will become impatient and restless, when I speak of the white man, especially when I ask him to bury the hatchet and go and live with him.'

'Do you expect to go back to Canada?' inquired the old hunter.

'When the first snow comes we shall go back,' she replied.

'Why do you live here in the summer, and in Canada in the winter?' asked Parsons.

The girl hung down her head and hesitated. Her lover saw by her movement that he had asked her a question she did not like to answer. Her embarrassment at once excited his sympathy, and he said, 'You need not answer my question, unless you feel quite willing to do so. I shall not blame you if you keep silent.' 'I did not hesitate because I did not wish you to know the reason why my father came hither to live in the season of

summer,' she replied. 'I felt sorry that such a reason exists and influences his actions. I told you he hates the white men, and he comes here to shoot them. Would to Heaven it were not so! But I have no power to make him feel otherwise, if I had, it should be exercised.'

The old hunter felt his hate against the Indians kindled afresh, when he heard the Indian girl talk thus about her father. He felt as if he would like the sport of shooting her father that very moment, and yet he admired this good girl, and would not do any thing to wound the tender sensibilities of her heart. 'The idea of her father's coming all the way from Canada and living here through the summer season, for the express purpose of shooting the white people, was more than his spirit was willing to bear, but he restrained his feelings as well as he could, lest he might injure the feelings of this strange female. She did not appear to him like an Indian, and he was unwilling to believe that an Indian was her father, still, on a close examination of her person and motions, he would discover evident marks of the Indian character.'

'What is your name?' inquired the old hunter, gazing upon her more closely than he had before, as he would penetrate her veins and see if any drops of Indian blood flowed there.

'My name is Hutoka,' she replied, in a voice which was sweeter music to the ears of young Parsons.

'Hutoka,' repeated the old man, 'Hutoka! That's a pretty sounding name. The Indians always have a meaning to their names. What is the meaning of Hutoka?' 'The Springing Fawn,' she replied.

'Springing Fawn!' he echoed. 'Well, you're admirably named, for you're indeed and in truth a Springing Fawn. The way you crossed the stream on that fallen tree and ran up the bank, was a caution to all the deer and their little ones in the forest. Why, I should think you would outrun a deer, and overtake the catamount.'

'O, say nothing about that dreadful creature, the catamount!' she said. 'No animal which roams the forests my father dreads so much as the catamount. O, my blood runs cold when I think of them.'

'Why do you fear them so much?' inquired Parsons. 'They are ferocious animals I know, although I never saw but one, and he leaped away so fast that I could not get a shot at him.'

'Lucky for you that he leaped away,' she said. 'If you had fired at him, and had not shot him through the heart, he would have instantly pounced upon you and tore your flesh into a thousand pieces.'

'He was with me,' said Parsons, pointing at the old hunter. 'He would have found it a hard case to have got away from both of us.'

'To tell the truth, Hutoka, I was glad when I saw him bound away, although I should have rejoiced to have had one shot at him before he left us so abruptly,' said the old man, but still if we had only wounded him he would have given us rough play. Did you ever see one of these creatures?'

'Yes, one, and only one, and he frightened me almost to death,' she replied. 'Father and I were passing through a growth of large pine trees two years ago. All at once our little dog came running back to us apparently very much frightened, for his hair stuck up, on his neck and shoulders, straight as the quills of the porcupine, and his tail dragged upon the ground. I was behind father at the time, and the dog placed himself behind me, close at my heels, and growled bitterly. Father said he had seen some large animal, and began to prepare his gun for what might happen. The dog was naturally a courageous little animal, and not very easily frightened. I knew by my father's motions that he was frightened too, for I never saw him proceed so cautiously before, looking about in every direction, and up into every

tree we passed,—now suddenly stopping, and then moving slowly along, the little dog all the while whining at my heels. We had not gone but a few paces, before father motioned me to stand still. He raised his gun to his shoulder, and looking in the direction he pointed it, I saw a large catamount high up, lying stretched out on the limb of a tall pine tree, motioning his tail one way and then the other, and looking directly at us. I thought I should have sunk into the earth in spite of all I could do. Father stepped a few paces ahead of me with his gun at his shoulder, and aiming it at the monster's head. He suddenly stopped, placed his feet firmly upon the ground, and fired, and as he fired he stepped back to where I stood. The catamount at that moment sprang from the tree with a tremendous bound, and struck upon the very spot of ground where father stood when he fired. I saw him coming head first through the air, and started back. When the wounded creature struck the ground, he bounded up several feet and fell dead. The ball had pierced his heart. When I saw that he was dead, I felt such joy as I never experienced before. Now do you ask, why I so much dread a catamount?

'No, no,' replied Parsons, scarcely able to breathe, so intently had he been listening to Hutoka's story, 'I do not ask. O, if your father had not fatally wounded him at the first fire, you would not have been here to tell us the story.'

'My time is out I was to be away,' she said. I must leave you and go to my father's lodge. We may meet again. I often visit this beautiful pond. You may again see me here, but do not come to me if father is near as you value your life,' and she bounded away and was soon lost to their sight among the trees of the forest.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

There is a chain of small lakes situated some three or four miles to the North of Sabbath day pond which extends several miles, presenting one of the most beautiful water prospects to be found in that section of the country. At the time our narrative commences, this region was a wild unbroken forest, and these lakes lay embosomed in woods which never resounded with the woodman's axe. Large trees of the first growth stood in their beauty and grandeur close to the water's edge. The branches of the noble pines towered high above all the other trees of the forest. In those days these ponds were filled with a great variety of fish, and beaver otter and wild fowl resorted to them in great numbers. Often the panting deer was seen to slake his thirst in their refreshing waters, and the fly-tormented moose to plunge in and bathe his noble form and cool his heated blood. The Indian names of this range of lakes have not been preserved, and the oldest inhabitant now living in their vicinity has no remembrance of the names which the red sons of the forest gave them. They are now called, and have been for many years, the 'Range Ponds.' Even our old friend who has been introduced to the reader in the foregoing chapters, and from whom we have in years past, gleaned the main incidents of our story, did not recollect the Indian names. And surely if he did not, they

must be forever lost to the world, for he was the last living chronicle of the times in which he lived we have ever met in our pilgrimage.

Near the inlet of what is now called Middle Range Pond, was situated the lodge in which Hutoka and her father resided through the summer and fall months. It was a temporary affair, built of stakes driven into the ground in a circular form, and bound together at the top, the whole being covered with birch bark, and made sufficiently tight to keep out the rain. Upon the South was an opening which formed the door, and occasionally when it was cold or stormy, a moose skin was hung up to guard against the inclemency of the weather, for the old occupant was more tender of his daughter than of himself, and always careful to keep her warm and well fed. As she had some of the white woman's blood in her veins, his impression was that she could not endure so much fatigue as she might, if none but the pure Indian blood flowed there; but in this he was mistaken so far as Hutoka was concerned, for no female, whether white or Indian, ever possessed a finer constitution than she did. The symmetry of her form was so perfect that every organ had full play, and every muscle its exact bearing and tension. Her breathing was as free as the gentle winds of the west, and her motions as graceful and easy as the young fawn's whose name she bore.

The stream which formed the inlet of the Middle Range, and near to which the lodge stood, formed also the outlet of the Upper Range. The two ponds were not more than a half a mile distant from each other, and the stream which connected them was navigable for birch canoes. The Middle Range is three miles long, and over two miles in width, forming a most beautiful sheet of water. Several small brooks run into it, and one clear crystal stream trickled close by the old Indian's cabin. This middle lake was then, and is, at the present day, inhabited by trout of a very peculiar species. There is none like them in any other lake we have visited, and we question much whether such trout can be found in any other waters in all North America. They frequently grow to size, weighing fifteen pounds, but those which are now caught weigh from three to seven pounds, and these are seldom taken with a hook. We have often tried them with a hook at all seasons of the year, and in company with really scientific and experienced anglers, but we have never been able to catch but four, and these were taken through the ice in April. In the month of October they are taken quite often with the spear, but the fly and the hook they pass by unnoticed. In ancient days, we are told, they would bite at the hook, affording rare sport, as well as rich and delicious food.

The furniture of this lodge was very simple. There was no table, and only two rudely constructed benches which was sometimes occupied as seats by the fair Hutoka and her father. One moose and three deer skins, partially dressed, formed their bed and bedding. The deer skin which covered the beauteous limbs of Hutoka was better dressed than the others, and made much softer. The border was cut into notches, and stained with bright colors of various hues. In the centre was an oval figure of red color, surrounded by several rings of blue, the whole making a very pretty picture. Insignificant as this ornamental work might seem to be to some, still the practised eye, in looking at it, would discover at a glance that it was designed by a mind which would under proper cultivation and training, produce things much superior.

Hutoka was always very fond of sketching fish, birds and other creatures upon the bark of the white birch tree. Several specimens of her skill in this art, done in charcoal, hung round the lodge. She once drew a very good likeness of their little dog which she still preserved. When she first



shew it to the animal it was intended to represent, he recognised it as a dog, if he did not as a portrait of himself, for he wagged his tail, and at first view, seemed disposed to scrape an acquaintance with the charcoal sketch, so life-like was the picture drawn. She also drew a fine likeness of a very large trout she caught in the lake. The trout weighed over nine pounds, and being the largest she ever caught, she thought she would keep a record of the feat by drawing his image on a piece of birch bark. This and the portrait of the dog were hung up side by side against the camp opposite to where she slept.

Her wardrobe was neither extensive or costly. She had two pairs of moccasins which were beautifully wrought by her own hands, besides those which she used for common wear. She also had a skirt and pantalettes made from deer skin and most ingeniously wrought with beads, mose hair and porcupine quills, brilliantly colored with a variety of hues. She had also in addition to these articles a sort of mantle curiously wrought, and a head-dress almost entirely covered with beads and porcupine quills. They were also manufactured from well dressed deer skin. But the most valuable article in her wardrobe was a kind of cloak made from the skins of the otter and sable. This was quite large, covering almost her whole form. The skins were cut up into small diamond pieces and sewed together, first the otter and then the sable, and fringed round the bottom and top with beaver. It was the work of several years. She caught the greater portion of the animals herself from whose skins the robe was made. The fur of which this was made would, even in that day, have sold for many dollars, but her father was indulgent to her, and let her do just what pleased her most. She too was very kind to him, anticipating his wants, and ministering to them with promptness and affection.

She and her father agreed in almost everything, except in their opinions of the white men. Once she disliked them, but never hated them as her father did. Since they had left Canada, and especially since she saw young Parsons, her feelings and prejudices had undergone quite a change. He had noticed this change in her views, but had never learnt the cause. This she had kept a secret, locked up in her own bosom. He regretted to see any abatement of her hatred towards the white men, for his increased with his years. Since he removed from Canada, early in the Spring, he had shot one white man, and cruelly butchered one woman and her two children, but he never let Hutoka know that he had killed the latter, for he well knew that it would wound her sensibilities to hear of his murdering any of her own sex. She knew he had killed a man, for his scalp hung up in their lodge. While he looked upon this with satisfaction, and hoped to have several more to hang up beside it before he removed again to Canada, she always viewed it with a kind of dread, and wished it might be thrown into the lake, but she was careful not to let her father know all the emotions which this scalp awakened in her bosom. No power on earth could change his feelings of hate and revenge towards the white settlers. As the hungry wolf thirsts for the blood of the innocent lamb, so he thirsted to be revenged upon the white man.

From his earliest youth he had been taught to believe that the white men were thieves and robbers, and that they had no right to make settlements upon the Indian's hunting grounds; but probably his hate towards them would not have been quite so inveterate and immovable, if a white man had not once attempted to violate the chastity of his wife. This crime he never could forget, and never would forgive, in the life-time of his wife, and now that she was dead, it burnt with a hotter flame in his bosom, and urged him on to deeds of violence and cruelty. But notwithstanding

his deadly hate of the white men, there was many traits in his character which would have been esteemed even in civilized life and in well regulated communities. At the time Hutoka had the interview with Parsons and the old hunter, which has been recorded, the old Indian was on an excursion at the lower end of the lake, but he returned to his lodge sometime before Hutoka arrived. He was somewhat surprised to find she was absent, although he knew she was going to take a trip through the woods. When he started she told him that she should be gone awhile. It was a frequent custom with her to go out alone, and sometimes she accompanied him. She loved the woods and the wild flowers which she found on the side-hills and the banks of the little streams. It was at this time the season of flowers being the last part of June, and well did she improve her time in gathering them.

On her way home, after she had left Parsons and old Bill, her reflections were of a peculiar character. She had several times previous to this interview, seen the young man, but he never knew it. He supposed that this was the first time she had ever seen him. And it was the first time when she was not accompanied by her father. She saw him once early in the Spring, but her father then was with her. Ever since that time she felt as if she loved him, for he appeared to her at the first glance just the image of a young man her fancy had formed, or had been forming for two or three years past. She was at this time, about eighteen years old, and thought her husband must be a white man, because her mother was a white woman.

'O, it was fortunate that the young man whom I've seen to-day was always accompanied by others when I and my father happened to cross his track in the woods, for if no one had been with him, my father would have shot him, but he dared not do the bloody deed when others were with him,' she said within herself, just as she was descending the hill to her father's lodge. 'I saw him when I was milking the cow, and O how I trembled lest my father's eye should fall upon him at that moment! A fortunate escape indeed for him. Ah! if the young man had been armed, he might have killed my father, and then what could I have done? I should have been left alone in this wilderness. No! perhaps the white men would have taken care of me! He would not kill me. I never injured him in thought or deed, and why should he wish to injure me? No, no. I saw by his movements a short time since he almost loves the poor Indian girl. It is all the work of the Great Spirit!'

Thus she communed with her own heart, as she slowly descended the hill which overlooked the lake on the shores of which she and her father had made their summer residence. On her way she had gathered a number of wild flowers of different hues, and fastening them in a string, had thrown them over her finely moulded shoulders. A bunch of wild roses ornamented her head, and one large bright colored flower was placed in her bosom. If young Parsons had seen her as she gracefully moved down the hill to her romantic lodge, covered with wild flowers, her brunette cheeks flushed, and her dark eyes brilliantly sparkling, his brain would have been on fire, and a hotter flame of love enkindled in his heart than he ever felt before.

Her father had not as yet seen her approach, although she was within a few rods of his cabin. He was reclining on a moose skin near the door of his lodge.

'Hutoka gone longer this time,' he said to himself. 'What if white men catch her? I'll shoot him quick as wolf, and carry scalp to Canada. No, white man must never see Hutoka. He saw her mother once. I must

kill more white man before me go to Canada. He no right to be on hunting ground. Great Spirit give me woods. Me wish Hutoka come now. Me sometimes fear white men get her.'

Thus soliloquised the old Indian, when he heard the footsteps of Hutoka. Starting up he saw her all decked out with wild flowers. She flew to his arms and imprinted on his bronzed cheek a warm kiss.

'Me glad you come,' he said. 'May be white man catch you one day, and carry you off to great wigwam down there,' pointing with his long bony finger in the direction of the block house.

'O, no, father, white mau wouldn't touch me,' she replied, taking off the string of wild flowers from her shoulders, and hanging them on the side of the camp.

'White man would touch you if he could catch you,' he replied earnestly, rising up and brushing back his black, tangled hair with his brawny hand. 'You are handsome, and white man love handsome woman. Me 'fraid to let you go into the woods alone so much. You go more now than you did. Must go with me more.'

Hutoka was well aware of the truth her father uttered, for she was accustomed to go out alone more than she was wont to do before she saw young Parsons, but the cause was concealed from her father.

'I'm always willing to accompany you, father; but then I love to go out sometimes alone and gather the flowers which the Great Spirit has made to grow in Indian's path,' she replied. 'You call me handsome! Well white man wouldn't kill me so quick for that.'

'Wouldn't kill you!' he repeated. 'No, white man might not kill you, but keep you in his wigwam,—worse than death. Me rather he shoot you than make you live with him. No, no, Hutoka, you must never live with white man. Me almost kill you first.'

'O, no, father not kill me, for then you would be left alone in the woods,' she said. 'Mother married an Indian, and would it be worse for her daughter to marry white man?'

'Ah! white man much worse than Indian—he more sly, more cunning—fairer upon outside, but blacker inside,' he answered. 'You never live with white man.'

Hutoka was convinced it was a hopeless task to make her father give up his hostility to the white men, and yet, since her interview that day with the young hunter, the thought struck her that she would continue her endeavors to make him hate them less, if not love them more. The summer was fast going, and winter would soon be upon them, when she knew her father would return to Canada, and no earthly power could induce her to leave him without his consent. She sometimes indulged a hope, and she could give no reason for such a hope, that her father would be persuaded to become more friendly with the white people, and give up the idea of returning to Canada at all. On her way home that afternoon, she conceived the idea that she would farther test his feelings in relation to her marrying a white man.

'Perhaps I never shall live with white man,' she replied. 'But suppose white man offer to marry me, and take care of you too?'

'Marry you?' he repeated, placing his hand upon his gun which stood near him, and gazing into her face as if he would read her inmost thoughts. 'Marry you? We all die first. Me rather see you drown in the water there and be meat for the fishes you love to catch so well.'

'But may be, I love white man, and couldn't be happy without him,' she said.

'Never! never! Hutoka can never love white man; she's my daughter

and loves me. No, no, Hutoka never love what father hate. The Great Spirit says no!"

"I do indeed love my father, and will obey him," she replied. "The Great Spirit says we must never hate, but love all his works."

"Me do love the woods and the lakes and the little brooks," he said. "Great Spirit made them, and Indian too, but the Black Spirit made most all white man, and he have 'em most all when he die. White man never go up there," and he pointed his finger towards the sky, and then pointing down to the ground, he continued.

"He go down there. He wicked, and drive Indian from his hunting ground."

"All may not be wicked," she said. "Mother was not wicked. She loved you, and loved me too."

"No, your mother was not wicked," he replied thoughtfully. "White woman may not all be wicked, but white man is."

"O, father, I wish your hate was less towards the white people," said Hutoka.

"Me wish it was more, and then maybe me kill more," he replied. "Me see two or three Indian to-day, further end of lake, and more coming,—going to burn white man's great wigwam down there."

Hutoka understood perfectly her father's meaning, for the Indians for several weeks past, had been contemplating an attack upon the block house. Her father had never before so plainly stated what he and his red brothers intended to do, but she had learned enough from him to rouse her suspicions that they intended to burn the block house as soon as they could call on sufficient numbers to make it safe to do so. They were much scattered in various sections of the forest, and consequently some time must necessarily elapse before they could concert their plans, and some time must pass before they could carry them into execution. The Indians of that period were slow and cautious in their councils when any warlike enterprise was to be undertaken. They knew the block house was strongly built and carefully guarded by night as well as by day, and that an attack upon it would be attended with danger to their lives, still the project was a grand one in their estimation, and if successfully carried out, would not only give them many scalps as trophies of their victory to be carried to Canada for the promised rewards, but also give them the unmolested possession of a large tract of valuable hunting ground, which was now partially under the control of the white man. For nearly six weeks this plan, first suggested by Hutoka's father had been under consideration. They only waited for some more help which they were daily expecting from Canada, and then they were determined to commence the attack when their force should be sufficiently augmented to warrant the undertaking. Hutoka's father by common consent was to be the master spirit in the execution of the enterprise as he had been in starting it.

"Burn white man's wigwam?" repeated Hutoka in much apparent surprise. "I fear that would be a dangerous work to all engaged in it. That wigwam is strongly built."

"Me know 'tis strong, but fire will burn wood," replied the revengeful Indian.

"But don't you remember when we saw it a few weeks ago that we thought it was too strong a place for Indians to take," she answered, endeavoring to excite within his revengeful heart a fear that might prevent him from engaging in the work of destruction.

"May be too strong for Indian's guns, but not for fire," he replied. "Fire will burn through where tomahawks, arrows or bullets can't go."

The old Indian made this last remark with evident marks of satisfaction and self complacency. At the moment he saw the block house all in flames, and men women and children escaping from the conflagration, and falling an easy prey to the savages. Hutoka saw that he was much elated with the prospect of victory, and in imagination exulting over the ruins of the white man's wigwam, and the number of scalps which would fall to his share of the spoils, she was very far from being pleased with such manifestations on the part of her father, and would have been so any time, but now since she had had an interview with young Parsons, these demonstrations of joy were particularly unpleasant to her. It would not be doing this beautiful flower of the forest injustice if it should be said that she thought of the young angler during the whole of this conversation with her father upon the subject of burning the white man's garrison. Knowing that Parsons resided there, and also believing him to be a bold, daring person, she could not drive the thought from her mind, that in case the Indians made the contemplated attack, he might fall a victim to their cruelty and barbarity.

'I know fire is a dreadful thing, and so are the guns which are pointed from those holes in the white man's garrison,' replied Hutoka. 'While the Indian might touch fire to the garrison, what would the guns of the white men be doing?' Every night watchmen, armed with guns, are placed at those holes, ready to shoot down any Indian who approaches.'

'Indian go in very dark night when white man no see him,' he replied. 'Indian know when to go, and when to put the fire.'

'No, no, father, there's no night so dark, but the white man can see when Indian creeps up to put fire to the building,' she answered with much earnestness. And then a bullet from white man's gun through Indian's heart. I would not have you attempt such a thing for your life; for I feel a strange fear at work upon my heart that you would be killed. And then where could Hutoka flee to? She would be left alone to the mercy of the white man. He would come to our wigwam and carry me off.'

'These remarks of Hutoka's made the old Indian feel serious and thoughtful. He did not relish the idea of exposing his own life to danger, for he had frequently looked beyond his present condition to that in which his daughter might be left alone in this region exposed to the insults, if not the revenge of the white man. Although death had many terrors for him, yet he dreaded more to have Hutoka left alone, and liable to be taken by the white man and made to live with him, than he did death itself.

'May be young Sebattus protect you from cruelty and insult of white man,' he said. 'He is coming here from Cadada in a few days. He marry you, and take care of you when I'm dead. He loves you, and wouldn't you live with him?'

Now the wily old Indian knew well enough that Hutoka did not like young Sebattus, for he had made several attempts to win her heart before she left Canada. He was a very handsome young Indian, and one whom her father was willing she should marry, but she never for a single moment gave him any encouragement even to hope that she would become his partner. She was the more willing to accompany her father from Canada, because she wished to be freed from the attentions of young Sebattus. She feared he would follow them, but it had been now nearly two months since they left Canada, and she had heard nothing from him until that moment. Her father had heard from him, but was very careful to conceal the fact from Hutoka until now.

'Sebattus coming here?' she repeated anxiously. 'Have you heard from him?'

'We heard several times, and to-day,' he answered. 'He will be here in a few days. Sebattus smart—kill white man fast—he burn great wigwam down there.'

It was true what her father said about young Sebattus, for he was a very smart young Indian, and hated the white man as bitterly, almost, as Hutoka's father. He loved Hutoka and made every effort within his power to gain her affections, but he was just as far from winning her heart as he was when he began. She was determined never to marry an Indian, but she had never told her father of this determination. He knew that young Sebattus had always been unsuccessful in his attempts, but still he hoped that at some future time she might consent to become his wife.

'He burn big wigwam?' she repeated, 'he'll be shot if he attempts it. There's a gun at every hole in the great wigwam, and two eyes to direct it. And how then could he or you escape if such a work should be attempted?'

'We go when they sleep in dark night,' he replied. 'Sebattus sly Indian he creep up when white man no see him.'

'White man don't sleep there—all the time upon the watch for the Indians,' she replied, still endeavoring to persuade her father to relinquish all hope of burning the block house. 'Sebattus may be sly—he may have great cunning, but there are some among the white men as sly and cunning as he is. How do we know but they may be gathering a force to attack the Indian's wigwams, and to drive the occupants all back to Canada, away from these fine hunting grounds?'

The Indian cast his eyes upon the ground thoughtfully, and stood in silence. He had frequently thought that the white men might be, indeed, about to make such a movement, still he was rather inclined to the belief that they would not venture upon such an enterprise at present. And this made him the more anxious to consummate his plan, and attack their garrison before their could raise any larger force from other places.

If he could only be a witness to the burning of the block house, and have the pleasure of scalping a few more men and women, he would be content to go back to Canada, and wait for another season, when he hoped to renew hostilities against the whites with better prospects of success. Hutoka on the other hand was exceedingly anxious to prevail upon her father to renounce his hate against the white people, and not to return to Canada at all. This desire increased every day of her life, and for the reason which the reader cannot be at a loss to conjecture.

---

## CHAPTER V.

'See how she bounds away!' exclaimed Old Bill, as Hutoka left them at the outlet of Sabbath-day pond, and hid herself among the trees of the wood. 'She's smooth as an otter, and fleet as a deer. I tell you, Jim, she's not a full-blooded Indian, by a jug full, not a bit too dark to look well, I hate those white-livered women—they don't wear well—like a butterfly's wing the tinsel rubs off too soon. By my faith, if I had seen such a gal when I was young, I would have married her, if not a drop of any other blood trickled in her veins but the Indian, but this Springing Fawn is not more than half Indian at any rate. You say you have seen her father. How did he look? He must be a noble Indian.'

Young Parsons was too much wrapped up in his own reflections to make

any reply to the old hunter's garulity, but stood on the same spot and in the same position, as when Hutoka left him. He was decidedly a love-stricken young man, and Old Bill, rough and wanting in sensibility as his exterior and manners would seem to indicate, did not at all wonder that Parsons was bound by such a spell, for he was never half so much intoxicated by female beauty, even in his younger days, as he was by the charms of this half Indian girl. Rough as the old man was, still he had an eye for beauty, if it was of an extraordinary kind, such as shone out in every movement of Hutoka.

'Spell-bound—done up—drunk with her charms—eh?' continued the old hunter. 'Well, I'm not surprised; for such a sweet flower is not found every day in the woods, nor such a bright bird on every tree. Such game is rare in these quarters. What would Dorcas Rand say, or how would she feel, if she knew you had set eyes on such beauty, she thinks, she's the belle of all in the Block House, and faith, she is a fair looker, but she ain't a priming to Hutoka. Heavens! how gracefully she pulled that trout out of the water, and how like a young deer she bounded up the bank? Dorcas would have stubbed her toes, and stumbled, if she had attempted such a performance. Come, Jim, wake up from your dreams, and let us cook the fish, and have some dinner. We can't live on beauty alone, however bewitching it may be. It really gives me an appetite to see such a witch of a creature. Come, stir your stumps, and strike up a fire, while I clean the trout.'

The young angler turned his eyes upon his companion, and said, 'I will catch another trout for dinner and save the one she caught.'

'That's a good one, Jim,' said the old man, laughing. 'Yes—carry the trout home—pickle it—salt it—embalm it and make a mummy of it. Well—catch another then, and let us have some dinner. Show this to Miss Dorcas, and tell her who caught it, and if she don't make the feathers fly—then I'm a Dutchman, that's all.'

Parsons could not help smiling at his old friend's remarks, notwithstanding he was so much affected with the beauty of the Indian girl, and felt so sorrowful at her sudden departure. But he plucked up courage, threw in his hook, and soon caught a trout. The fish were cooked, and a good hearty meal made of them. After they had made their repast, they started for home. Parsons carefully wrapped up Hutoka's trout in some broad, green leaves, and deposited it in the pocket of his hunting coat.

'That's right, Jim. Keep it fresh until you can find some salt,' said Old Bill. 'It will be a capital thing to remember the Indian Girl by. Do you expect to set eyes on her again?'

'That is more than I know,' said Parsons. 'But I hope I shall. Do you think it would be safe for me to go to the lodge, where she and her father lives?'

'No,' replied his companion. 'He would shoot you as quick as he would a wolf, or any other white man, especially if he thought you were after his daughter. He never would consent to have her live with the white faces. He's too much of an Indian for that.'

'But you said you did not think she's more than a half breed, and if she's not, her mother must have been a white woman; for her father, or the one who held the cow by the horns while she milked her, and whom she calls her father, is a regular built Indian, and a noble looking one too. He's tall, straight as an arrow, and has a face which would almost make a white man shudder to look at it. I saw him distinctly for the space of five minutes, as he held the cow in one hand and his gun in the other.'

'Should have put a ball through him if you had been armed at the time!'

inquired the old man. 'If you had, you might have caught Hutoka, and brought her home.'

'Put a ball through him!' repeated Parsons. 'Yes—in an instant; but I'm glad I had no gun with me; for it would be horrid to be the murderer of the father of such a woman.'

'Curse the whole race!' said the old hunter. 'Every black devil of 'em would shoot us, and take our scalps off as soon as they would skin an otter. The beauty of Hutoka has really softened your heart and made it tender as an infant's. You would'n't shoot an Indian now, at any rate, I suppose.'

'You mistake me much,' replied the young man. 'I hate the Indians now as much as ever, but I would not kill Hutoka, and would let her father pass rather than shoot him, unless it became necessary to do so to save my own life. Would'n't you?'

'I'd shoot the old rascal, but I must confess, I could'n't hold my gun steady enough to kill Hutoka. Her bright eyes make a mark a little too dazzling. I should rather kiss her than shoot her at any time. Would'n't you?' inquired the old hunter, smiling, and smacking his lips as if he were actually engaged in the art of sucking honey from her lips.

'I don't think your taste is a very bad one,' replied Parsons. 'I need not answer your question directly; for you know what my answer would be. I must see that girl again, but when and where is the question. Will you, some day, accompany me in hunting up the camp where she and her father live; I think we might find it. She pointed over the hill, and said she lived there.'

'If we should go there and find the old Indian's camp, we should be obliged to have a fight, for the old rascal would never give up until the ground was wet with his heart's blood,' replied Old Bill. 'But I'll go with you and give him a try, if you will venture.'

Young Parsons hesitated, and made no answer. Although he desired, above all things on earth, to see the fair Hutoka, yet he was reluctant to run the risk of killing her father, for the sake of bringing about the interview; besides, he was fearful that she would forever spurn him from her presence, if he should be instrumental in causing his death.

'You hesitate,' continued the woodsman. 'Well, no wonder; for my opinion is, she would run wild in the woods before she would let a man kiss her who had in any way injured her father. By the cut of her jib, and the wink of her eye, I think she would never forgive him who might murder her father. She may love you, and no doubt she does, but be cautious, young man, how you trifle with the feelings which move a daughter's heart. Bad, cruel and blood thirsty as the Indians are towards us, they love their relations quite as much as we do. No doubt she loves you, but she loves her father more.'

'You have expressed the same thoughts that were running in my own mind,' said the young man. 'I was just thinking that if I had been armed and killed her father, she would never have forgiven me the deed. I dare not go to their lodge, but must trust to good fortune to bring us together once more. Why didn't I appoint a time and place for a meeting?'

'Why didn't you?' said his companion. 'A pretty good reason for that. You couldn't think of any thing when she stood beside you, with her bright eyes sparkling like two diamonds, and her long, glossy hair, streaming over her neck and shoulders like two great skeins of black silk. You seemed to me, at the time, to be pretty well used up. Positively, I think I heard your heart beat. Now, Jim, didn't you know that palpitation of the heart is a dangerous disease? I have heard of folks who have died with it.'



The old hunter was a little too much disposed to joking, to suit the feelings of Parsons, for when a man's tender sensibilities are excited, whether by love, music or any other cause, he always has a shade of seriousness about him, if not a touch of melancholy. It was so with our young man at this time. Love has made such an impression upon him, and there was something so peculiarly romantic in meeting the lovely Hutoka in such a place, and at such a time, that he was very far from relishing a joke of any kind, and especially, since it was doubtful if he should ever have the pleasure of seeing this beautiful wild flower again. The truth is, Parsons felt quite sober and serious. That he was decidedly in love, there can be no doubt, and in fact he had no doubt of the fact himself, and for the first time in his life, too.

'You're silent, Jim,' continued the old man. 'I should think your tongue would run like a wind mill, when the fair Indian Girl is the subject of conversation. Faith, if I were as young as you are, I should talk and laugh all the time during the day, and dream during the night.'

'You don't come far from it now,' said Parsons, forcing a smile upon his countenance, and looking very impatient.

'Hush!' said the old hunter, I had the glimpse of some wild creature. Ah! I see her. 'Tis a wild cat. Let us on after her, I should like to try my old piece once before we get home,' and both started off into a full run, in pursuit of the game. They had not gone more than fifty rods before they saw her, just as she jumped upon the trunk of a large pine tree.

'There she goes up that pine,' said old Bill. 'How she makes the bark fly. If she goes clear to the top our shot won't reach her, for the tree is more than a hundred and fifty feet high, but we'll try her, and if shot don't bring her down, I'll give a blue jay.'

The wild cat climbed to the topmost branches of the tree, and then cuddled herself among the green boughs so closely that they could but just see her.

'I can see her I believe,' said Parsons, preparing his gun to fire.

'So do I,' replied the old man. 'She's got into a fine nest there, but we can make her smart, if we can't bring her down with shot. See her peep out from among the branches with her two great eyes. You fire Jim, and I will keep my gun ready, for you may only wound her, and then she may come down and give us a scratching. She's a large one, and would make our feathers fly if she could get her paws upon us. Blaze away directly at her head, and if you disturb her repose, I will take her as she descends the tree, for she won't stay there after you fire, if she has strength enough to come down.'

Parsons now raised his gun and fired. The creature was wounded, but not mortally, and as the old hunter conjectured, she began to nestle in the tree-top, and soon to make the best of her way down.

'She's coming,' exclaimed the old man. 'I'll fix her. Be ready to give her fight if I miss her.' The cat descended the tree, and when she was within twenty feet of the ground, old Bill put the contents into her back, and she fell dead at the roots of the tree.

'She's a strapper,' said the old hunter, taking her by the tail and holding her up. 'She's big enough to carry off a sheep, but her days are numbered.'

They took off her skin and went on their way to the garrison. Soon they arrived there without meeting any more adventures. The fat and buxom Miss Dorcas Rand was standing at the door of the block house when they came up. The old hunter came smiling along, and when he

was near enough, he threw the skin of the wild cat upon the head of the young lady. She suddenly started back, and, pulling the skin from her head, threw it back upon the old man.

'Whew,' he exclaimed. 'Too warm weather to wear fur I suppose, but never mind, I'll make you a present of this skin to make a muff for next winter.'

'I thank you old Bill, for your great kindness and generosity, but I don't wear cat skin muffs,' she replied. 'You had better make a jacket of it to keep yourself warm the coming winter. It will become you much better than it will me, for your hair is quite gray now, and the cat's fur will correspond very well with it.'

'I expect to have a wife to keep me warm next winter, and shan't need it,' replied old Bill laughing quite heartily.

'A wife,' repeated Miss Rand with apparent contempt. 'You will have to kill an Indian first and make a widow of his squaw, and then perhaps you might induce her to have you, for I am sure no white woman would ever think of marrying such an old creature as you are.'

Miss Rand was apparently much pleased with her own wit, for a smile played over her fat rosy cheeks, and a beautiful dimple appeared in her chin. She looked first on the old hunter, and then upon the young angler to see the effect of her joke. Old Bill was full of smiles, and appeared to be well pleased with her wit, but Parsons was evidently too much taken up with his own thoughts about the fair Hutoka to be moved by any thing around him. Miss Rand noticed that he was unusually sober, and was curious to know the cause. She would have been much better pleased if she could have seen him laugh heartily at her wit.

'Why James. You seem to be quite sober!' she said. 'What has happened? Are you fatigued with your day's hunting? Or are you unwell?'

'Yes—he's really unwell,' said old Bill. 'He has a very bad disease.'

'What disease, pray?' she anxiously enquired, and looking into the young man's face to see if she could discover any symptoms of disease there.

'Palpitation of the heart,' replied the old hunter, smiling.

'I believe you will never give up your joking but with your breath,' said Parsons walking into the garrison, and leaving them to talk over the matter between them.

'Palpitation of the heart!' repeated Miss Rand, looking sternly and almost angrily into the old man's face. 'What mean you by such nonsense.'

'Nonsense!' echoed the old man. 'What do I mean? I mean just what I say. Yes, Miss Rand. Palpitation of the heart, real bona fide palpitation, I know it, for I heard it myself, and saw his bosom heave into the bargain. Young men as well as young women too will have this disease sometimes in spite of their best resolutions to prevent it. There are a good many causes for it in the young—sparkling black eyes, red pouting lips, rosy cheeks, and silky dark hair—these will make a young man's heart sometimes jump into his throat in spite of all he can do. Ah! the young dog is done for.'

'What do you mean? Why don't you explain yourself?' she asked most impatiently.

'How can I explain myself better than I have,' he replied, evincing a manner most impassible and provoking. 'I tell you Dorcas, he has seen in the woods a beautiful bird. Yes—and a wild flower which he gazed upon in an extacy of delight. Ah! he's used up—his heart is gone—the beautiful bird has got it and flown away with it to her nest in the forest. You may

now go down to yonder brook and hang up your harp upon the willows there, for Parsons will never love a woman unless she's some Indian blood running in her veins.'

'You talk like an old fool!' exclaimed Miss Rand. 'Because you never could find a white woman that would have you, you think other people must marry squaws.'

'Well, have your own way, Miss Dorcas,' he said smiling most provokingly. 'You'll find out one of these days that I'm not quite so much of a fool as you may take me to be. To be plain and frank with you, Jim has this day seen a half Indian girl who has shot his heart through and through. There are more holes in it, than in this cat skin.'

'A half Indian girl!' she echoed most impatiently. 'Worse and worse.'

'You'll find it worse and worse, I'm thinking,' he replied. 'If you could have seen how gracefully she pulled a trout from the outlet of Sabbath-day pond, you would have envied her beauty so much that you might have been tempted to jump into the stream and drown yourself. She's the most beautiful, bewitching, intoxicating creature I ever saw.'

'Intoxicating!' she repeated angrily. 'I should think you were intoxicated, for you talk more like a drunken man than a sober one. Where did you get your liquor?'

'I have drank nothing to-day but the pure water that runs in the brook,' he replied. 'It is true when I saw that Indian girl run across the stream on a fallen tree, and leap up the bank, I was almost giddy headed myself, and I'm quite sure Jim was, for he was so overcome at the sight of such beauty and grace that he was absolutely speechless for some minutes. Let me tell you more particularly. Now don't be impatient to hear my story. He was fishing for trout, and just as a large one fastened himself upon the hook, this beautiful girl made her appearance. He felt the trout bite, but at that moment seeing her, he forgot the trout and let him run away with the hook. She came bounding along like a young deer—took the rod from his hand and jerked out the fish most admirably. She threw him up high and dry upon the bank, and he fell down close to me. Instantly she ran up, took the trout from the hook, and carried him back to Jim. He took it, and as he did so, his hand touched hers, and that moment palpitation of the heart seized him.'

The young lady didn't know what to make of this story. The old hunter never had the reputation of lying, and she knew it. The circumstances of the story too were so minutely detailed without stammering or hesitating that she was half inclined to believe it was true. The old man's keen eye noticed that she was in a kind of quandary, and he was determined to take advantage of it, and torment her all in his power. Good natured and fond of joking as he was, still he did not like to be called a fool so plumply and plainly as she had done it—therefore he was disposed to pay her for it, and not remain in her debt.

'Believe me or not, just as you please, Miss Rand,' he continued. 'It is all the same to me. I've told you nothing but the simple truth, and besides all this, let me just whisper into your ear that Jim thinks you're a little too fat for his use.'

Now this was hitting the young lady in a very tender spot, and the old hunter knew it; for she was always trying to compress her system into a smaller compass. During the last two or three years she had gained astonishingly, so much so that it was a frequent remark among the inmates of the garrison, that she would soon be as big as her mother, who was a very large, fat woman. And she was afraid of this consumption herself.

To prevent it she had not, for several months, eaten so much as her appetite craved, and the old hunter knew this part. She was not as yet very large, perhaps not more so than many persons might fancy, still she desired no more rotundity of person, and exercised all her wits and practiced much self-denial to put a veto on the accumulation of any more flesh.

'You talk more like a fool than ever,' she crustily replied. 'I want to hear no more. James Parsons has more sense in his little finger than you have in your whole body.'

'Oh! Dorcas, that's the very trouble,' he replied smiling at her irritation. He's got too much sense to make a wife of you. Why, Miss Rand, it is generally thought you will out weigh your mother in less than four years, if you continue to gain as fast as you have for the last six months. It would take a pair of stout oxen to haul you about, and I'm sure Jim will never be willing to incur that expense.'

Miss Dorcas Rand was now decidedly out of humor, angry, and mad. She walked back and forth in front of the door in great agitation, occasionally casting a glance at the old hunter, as if she would scorch and wither him to death if she had the power. He was pleased to see her in such a storm, and smiled upon her as she passed him in her promenading. This only added to her vexation. At least she could contain herself no longer, and coming up to him suddenly, she gave him a box on the ear which made his ear ring again. But this did not move him to anger at all; for he only laughed the louder for it.

'Now don't be in a passion, Miss Dorcas, for it spoils that fat, plump face of yours, and screws it up into all sorts of shapes,' he continued. 'If you don't believe what I've told you about the trout the beautiful Indian girl caught, go and ask Jim. He will tell you the truth, for he's got the fish now, and would not let it be eaten for dinner, but caught another one to supply its place. He's going to embalm and keep it as a token to remember the fair angler by.'

'I'll go and ask him this minute, and bring you out in queer lies. You're bold enough within the last five minutes to carry a sawmill,' she replied, hurrying away to find Parsons. She found him in the back part of the garrison, cleaning the identical trout, and preparing it for preservation. The sight of the fish made her start back in astonishment, but she soon recovered from the shock and hurriedly said, 'O, James, old Bill has been telling me a thousand lies. I didn't think he would lie so fast.'

'Why, what has he been saying?' he inquired, being suspicious that the old man had been talking to her about Hutoka.

'He said that an Indian girl caught a trout and gave it to you and that you were going to embalm and preserve it as a keepsake,' she replied. 'Now there isn't a word of truth in it, is there James?'

'It is true, Dorcas, that an Indian girl caught this trout I'm dressing, and gave it to me, but I don't know how to embalm it,' he replied. 'I heard Deacon Stevens say the other day that the art of embalming was lost to the world. The Egyptians were the only people who knew how to embalm, and the art was lost, and never handed down to other generations.'

'I knew he lied about your embalming a trout and making a mummy of it to remember an ugly Indian by,' she said.

The words 'ugly Indian' did not act very well on the young man's stomach just at that moment, when he had been thinking so seriously about the beautiful Hutoka, whose image had been stamped upon his heart so recently.

'Old Bill only meant that I was going to preserve the trout with some

salt,' he replied. 'He certainly told you the truth when he said an Indian girl caught it.'

'Well, an Indian woman might have caught it, but was she handsome?' she said. 'O, old Bill said she was the handsomest girl he ever saw in his life.'

'I must confess she was handsome,' he replied.

'Handsome?' she repeated, while her lip curled in scorn, and her eyes flashed fire. 'Who ever saw an Indian woman handsome? I never could bear the sight of a squaw in my life, they are so dirty looking!'

'Some of the overgrown, fat ones do look rather dirty, it is true, but this one we saw to-day was straight as an arrow, and just big enough to look beautiful.'

'*Fat ones*?' she repeated over to herself. 'Does he think I'm too fat to look well, as old Bill intimated? But I'll not let him know that I care any thing about his remarks in relation to fat or lean Indians.'

'The old hunter tried to make me believe that you had actually fallen in love with an Indian, but he might talk until doomsday, and he couldn't make me believe it. Why, James, I'd make him take it all back or I'd never go another step in the world with him—the old slanderer. If the people believed him, you would become the laughing-stock of the whole garrison, but nobody does believe him. I'm sure I don't.'

'Would you believe it, if I should tell you I saw an Indian girl to-day I'm in love with?' he inquired.

'You've never said it yet, and you never will say it,' she answered in a voice whose tones indicated that she was afraid he would say it.

He began to make a reply, but before he could get a word from his lips she interrupted him and continued, 'Now, James, don't say you have fallen in love with an Indian woman; for every body would think you were joking. No, no, James Parsons would be the last person to love an Indian. It can never be in this world unless you become crazy.'

'Come, Dorcas, give me my turn,' he said. 'Your tongue runs on so fast that I can't get a word in edgewise. Hear me and then judge for yourself, but first let me ask you again if you will believe me?'

'You know I never had any reason to doubt your word, James,' she replied.

'But you'll never say you love an Indian either a man or woman.'

'I do say that I saw an Indian girl to-day, more beautiful than any white woman I ever saw in my life,' he said.

She suddenly started back as if one of the pins in her dress had become loose and stuck into her back, but she made no reply. Parsons noticed that start, for he wished now, as he always had wished, to make her know and feel that he never could consent to become her husband. He told her before, many times, as plainly as common decency would admit, that she must not indulge any hope, but she was determined to take the citadel of his heart by storm, if she could not gain the victory by milder means. She now left him, with tears in her eyes, convinced that the old hunter was not a very great liar after all.

## CHAPTER VI.

It was a bright and beautiful day, when near its close, Hutoka stood upon a large rock on the shore of Middle Range Pond, within a few rods of the lodge, tempting the trout. It was a spot she had occupied many a time and oft for the purpose of angling; for she was very fond of such kind of sport; besides, it was a necessary occupation to supply food. Her father lay near her upon a fallen tree, watching her motions, as she played the hook about in the water, endeavoring to tempt the cautious trout. He was resting his chin upon his hands, and gazing very intently upon the movements of the line, every moment expecting to see it hurried through the water by a good sized fish. He loved to sit and see his daughter display her skill in angling; for she was even more successful in the sport than he was.

'Sebattus good to make trout bite,' he said. 'Me see him kill good many. He shoot well too.' He thought these qualities, in the young Indian would induce Hutoka to think more favorably of him, as she was quite fond of the chase and of angling herself. No opportunity was suffered to pass unimproved, when he thought he could make a favorable impression upon her in regard to Sebattus, whose arrival from Canada he was every day expecting.

'I can make the trout bite as well as he can,' replied Hutoka. 'Trout have their own way, and take the bait just when the notion happens to take them, without regard to the one who may hold the rod. I have seen Sebattus wait a long time before he felt a bite. I haven't been fishing long, and I've caught one good one. I don't believe he could have done any better, if he had been here.'

'Me wish he would catch you when he comes,' said the old Indian, while a smile passed over his weather beaten countenance.

'He never can,' she replied. 'You know, father, I never loved him, and why will you keep talking to me about him? I should rather marry a white man than him; for I never can love him.'

'White man!' he repeated. 'No, no, Hutoka, you never have white man while I live to kill him.'

'Hush! I felt a heavy bite,' she said, raising her rod. 'There! he has let go, but he will take it again, after I put some more bait upon the hook. See! he has taken all the bait!'

Having baited the hook again, she threw into the water, and in a moment the same trout seized it and ran with the line.

'Now I'll have him,' she said. 'He's a large one. How he bends the rod. I never felt one so large. You must assist me. Stand by the edge of the water, and help me bring him ashore. It won't do to swing him, for he is so heavy he will break away.'

Her father sprang from the tree on which he was sitting, and hurried down to the water. She continued to pull him gradually to the shore with a light line. The trout struggled as for his life, and once broke water, showing his bright sides in the rays of the declining sun.

'O, he's a beauty!' exclaimed the fair angler. 'We mustn't lose him.' And she continued to haul him towards the shore, where her father stood ready to seize him. After getting him within a few feet of the shore, the old Indian seized the line, and soon the trout was wiggling upon dry land.

'I knew he was a great one,' she said, stooping down and smoothing his bright side. 'He will weigh a dozen pounds. I never caught one so large before. Think Sebattus could beat that?'

'Me guess not; but Sebattus catch 'em very large,' he replied, lifting the fish up by his gills, and gazing upon him with much delight. 'He be a great fish, and may be, Sebattus come and help eat him.'

'If Sebattus come he must catch his own fish,' she replied. 'He is so very skilful, he surely can have fish enough without taking mine.'

'Indian always kind to one another, and give trout and every thing,' he said.

'Hark!' said Hutoka. 'I hear bushes crack. Something coming.'

'May be white man?' he said, running back where he left his gun, and seizing it to be in readiness for whatever might happen. 'Which way hear 'em bushes?'

'Up the stream I thought,' she replied in a whisper. 'But I hear nothing now.'

'Come, stand behind me, and look sharp,' he said. 'White man shoot me before he hit you.'

He placed himself before, to guard her from harm, and cocked his gun.

'Now me ready for white man or wolf,' he whispered, eyeing the bushes in every direction to discover the cause of this alarm, but no object met his keen eye, no sound fell on his quick ear. All was still, except the gentle breeze from the west, and the music of the birds as they were offering up to Heaven their evening orisons. They remained in this listening attitude some minutes, but no cracking of bushes was heard.

'I might have been mistaken,' said Hutoka, in a low tremulous voice.

'It might have been the wind, or the squirrels among the leaves in search of their supper.'

The old Indian paid no attention to her last remark, but fastened his eyes steadily on the trunk of a pine tree, about sixty yards distant, as if he feared some one was concealed behind it. Noticing his anxious and fixed gaze, she trembled, and looked towards the tree also. Her first thought was that young Parsons might have come, although she was reluctant to believe that he would be so imprudent as to place himself within the reach of her father's gun.

'Do you see any body?' she anxiously inquired.

Her father made no answer, but partially raised his gun as if he were about to fire. The thought that Parsons might be there still made her nervous, and she whispered, 'Don't fire yet, father. Be sure it is an enemy before you commence the work of death.'

He motioned her with his hand to keep silence, but remained silent with his eyes still fixed on the tree, and his gun partly raised to his shoulder. It was evident to Hutoka by his movements, that he had made some discovery, but what it was she could not divine, for she strained her eyes towards the tree, but could see nothing. She trembled in every muscle, every moment expecting to hear the report of her father's gun echoing through woods and over the waters. A few moments, and she might behold the bleeding body of him whom she had seen but to love. More anxious moments she never experienced in her life. Her father still stood in the same position, not a muscle of his frame in motion, and breathing softly as an infant, as if he feared his very breath might be heard above the winds, and point him out to the white man.

The old Indian was not mistaken, when he thought he had a glimpse of some one hurrying behind the tree. There was a person there who had discovered Hutoka and her father, before the latter saw him. He slipped behind the tree, not for the purpose of effecting any hostile movement, but to gaze upon the fair Hutoka whom he had not seen for some time, but after he ensconced himself behind the tree, he saw by the movements of the

old Indian, that he was discovered, and that it would not be safe for him to show himself before he was known, lest he might feel the contents of the old Indian's gun.

Young Sebattus (for it was he) was in a bad predicament, and knew not how to get out of it. He knew the skill of Hutoka's father in the use of the gun, and therefore he knew it would not be safe for him to expose any part of his person; for that moment he feared he would fire, and if he did, he would be quite sure to be wounded. Thus they stood for some time.

'Did you see any one?' again whispered Hutoka, as she stood trembling behind the stalwart form of her father.

'Me see some body go behind tree,' he replied in a whisper, still keeping his eyes fixed in the same direction, and holding his gun in readiness to blaze away the moment he could discover enough of the person to put a bullet in.

Hutoka was still more and more alarmed, lest the person behind the tree might be her lover. She even thought she would pull her father's arm at the moment of his firing, if he did, and thereby change the direction of the bullet. A thousand thoughts ran through her mind, and a thousand emotions pressed her heart. She did not know what to do. At one moment she had a mind to run towards the tree herself, to see who was concealed behind it, and at the next she didn't know but she might be shot, if she did make any such movement. Young Sebattus was in as much trouble as she was, for he knew not which way to turn. He blamed himself for not coming boldly in the first instance, and then he would not have been placed in this dilemma. All three were placed in rather a peculiar situation, and it might be a difficult matter to say which felt the worst. At last the trembling Sebattus thought he would try and make himself known without exposing any part of his person to be shot at by the keen eyed old Indian. He had remained in his present position until his patience was almost exhausted. It is true he was safe; for the tree was large enough to conceal him entirely from the view of Hutoka's father, and to guard him against the contents of his gun. At first he thought he would take his blanket and hold it out by the tree as a token of friendship, hoping it might be recognized, for it was the same one he wore when he last saw Hutoka and her father. But this project did not fully satisfy the young Indian, for he was doubtful whether the blanket would be known or not. It then occurred to him that he would sing a song which Hutoka had heard him sing in Canada. This idea seemed to please him better, and, believing it could do no harm, if it did no good, he commenced singing in a loud voice, the wild tones of which reverberated through the woods and along the shores of the lake.

'Hark!' whispered Hutoka, 'I hear some one singing.'

Both listened while young Sebattus tuned up the best music he knew, and strained his voice to its highest key. Two crows that had gone to roost in the top of a tree not far from the place where the wild minstrel stood, became alarmed at such unusual sounds, flew from their resting place, and went round in circles over his head, joining their music with his.

'Yes, I do hear some one sing, and well do I remember the voice,' she continued.

'Whose voice is it?' anxiously enquired her father.

'Listen and you will recollect the music,' she replied. 'It is not very pleasant to me, I am much better pleased with the singing of the birds, and even the music of those crows he has disturbed on their roost falls more gratefully upon my ears than any thing he can sing. There! don't you hear his voice? You must remember it.'



'Me think he sound like Sebattus,' he replied. 'Me hope it is.'

'It is Sebattus,' she replied. 'I know his voice quite too well.'

The old Indian was rejoiced that the voice sounded like that of Sebattus, still he was not positively sure. He ventured however, to speak out the name of Sebattus, still keeping his gun cocked, and partially raised to his shoulder. The young Indian heard his name called and he ventured out from behind the tree, when he was immediately recognized by Hutoka and her father, the latter of whom ran to meet his young friend, and a happy meeting it was. Hutoka's and the young Indian's father were once strong friends, and had traveled the woods together for many years. This circumstance endeared Sebattus to the old Indian, and made him love him next to his own daughter.

After Sebattus had embraced her father, he ran to Hutoka, who was stooping down and examining the trout she had caught but a short time before. She greeted him after the Indian fashion, but did not receive him with open arms. He was overjoyed to see her, and thought she had grown handsomer than she was when she left Canada.

'Me glad to see Hutoka once more,' said Sebattus. 'Me think she look more handsome.'

'I'm about the same,' she replied. 'Perhaps grown a little more fleshy than I was early in the spring.'

'Cheeks more full me think, and eyes brighter,' he said smiling and gazing into her beautiful countenance with much delight. Me wanted to see Hutoka very much. A great while since me see her. Me help your father kill white men. Me fight for Hutoka. White men shall not hurt her.'

Hutoka received all his compliments with a coldness and indifference which would have chilled the heart of a less ardent lover than young Sebattus, but he was so much overjoyed at meeting her again that he was willing to undergo almost anything for the sake of being with her and gazing into the depths of her dark eyes. The old Indian was happy in seeing them together, and flattered himself that Sebattus would yet perform some noble action which would change her feelings, and induce her to have him, but he knew not the secret of her heart, if he had, he would have immediately given up his plan of surprising the block house and taken her back to Canada.

'Me glad you come,' said the old Indian. 'Now we'll kill good many white men, burn his great wigwam down there, and carry good many scalps to Canada.'

'Ah! me help you kill white men, and burn wigwam too,' said Sebattus believing that such declarations would please Hutoka, but in this the young warrior was sadly mistaken.

'But remember the white men can burn and kill us,' said Hutoka. 'They have guns and fire as well as Indians. You and father too may find this true by sad experience.'

'Indians have no great wigwams here white men can burn,' replied Sebattus. 'They are great way off, and white men no travel through woods to find 'em.'

Sebattus had heard before he left Canada, of the Block House, and that it was the intention of the Indians to burn it, and murder all the mates. When this was done they believed that they should have the control of all the hunting grounds in a large portion of that section of the country. The matter had been talked over by the Indians from the shore to Canada, but as yet they had never been able to agree upon a definite plan of attack, or upon the time it should be made. Hutoka

father was the master spirit of the contemplated enterprise. At that time it was a difficult matter to collect a very large Indian force, for they were scattered over a great extent of territory, and to cowardly to face the white men in any thing like an open engagement. All of them would have been glad to see the Block House on fire, but few had the courage to touch fire to it themselves.

Hutoka's father and young Sebattus had more courage for an enterprise of this kind than fell to the lot of the most of their red brothers. The former had been laboring ever since early in the spring to excite the Indians, and bring them up to their work. Some had promised, and others threw cold water on the project, but the old blood-thirsty warrior was not to be driven from his plans so easily. He still cherished the hope of burning the garrison, and now that Sebattus had come he was much more encouraged than ever. He knew Sebattus was a dare-devil sort of an Indian and would go at all lengths to wreak his vengeance upon the white men, for in addition to his natural hostility towards them, his father had been shot by a white man and robbed of all his fur. Although this was done when he was quite young, yet he never forgot the circumstance, and his hate seemed to increase with his years. He had come all the way from Canada on purpose to join with Hutoka's father in this contemplated enterprise, and he was now ready for the work. He believed too that if they succeeded in destroying the garrison that Hutoka would finally yield and become his wife. All these considerations operated upon his mind, and made him long for the day to come, or rather the night, when he might carry the torch and set the fire with his own hand.

Hutoka was by no means an idle spectator of all that was going on among the Indians. Partially concealing her own feelings towards Sebattus, and the contemplated attack, she learnt from him all that was on foot among them. He did not hesitate to tell her every movement that was made, and how he and her father succeeded in drumming up forces. She trembled for the fate of young Parsons, when she saw in imagination the garrison on fire, and its inmates rushing from the flames into the arms of their savage foes to be murdered and scalped. But she still hoped a sufficient force could not be raised to carry the work forward. She was of the opinion that they might go so far as to set fire to the garrison, but they would not gather in sufficient numbers to capture the inhabitants, even should they succeed in firing the building. She was determined to inform her lover of all the movements of the Indians if she could only meet him.

Now nearly two weeks had elapsed since her interview with the old hunter and Parsons. During this time young Parsons had been thrice at the place in hopes of meeting her, but without success. She had also been once there, but unfortunately it was not on either of the days when he visited the 'outlet.' Twice he had been there before she went, but the third time was the next day after her visit. He knew she had been there, for she left a piece of birch bark near the place where she caught the trout on which she had sketched the form of a fish with charcoal. This precious relic he seized and thrust it into his bosom, as a token of the continuance of her affection, and as evidence that she would be there again. Sebattus and Hutoka's father were constantly together concocting their plans, and every day almost they were visiting other Indians in the vicinity.

One morning, a few days after Hutoka visited the outlet, for the purpose of meeting her lover, Sebattus and her father started on a visit to their bretheren to be gone all day, or the principal part of it. They had now

determined to make an attempt to fire the Block House, although the numbers were less than they wished to engage in such a perilous enterprise. After they had gone, Hutoka prepared herself and hurried away to that lovely stream endeared to her by a thousand recollections. As she passed along through the woods she could not but contrast her own feelings towards the white men with those of her father. Having hurried her steps she became somewhat fatigued when she reached the hill which overlooked the pond to the outlet of which she was bound in the hope of meeting her lover, and sat down on the southern side of a large rock.

'Oh, how beautiful that pond looks with the beams of the morning sun playing upon the smooth surface! I love these scenes. How happy I could be with that young man in a humble lodge upon the shores of that romantic lake! But I must never leave my father. The love I bear him is the master emotion of my soul. He has protected me, and how could I leave him? He's now old and soon he will be unable to roam the forest I love so well. And who then but me could minister to his wants? No, no, I must not leave him, and yet how much I love the young hunter! Oh that some power would change his feelings of hate and revenge towards the white men, and then I might remain among these lovely scenes and live with him whom I so dearly love! But alas! no power but the Great Spirit can turn his hate into love. He would rather see me drown in yonder lake than witness my marriage with a white man. And yet he loves me and would peril his own life to save mine. He is my father and I must obey him. I have hoped he would change in feelings, but every day convinces me that revenge will never die in his heart so long as the blood courses through it. When he dies, then, and not till then, will he cease to hate the white men. I will go and may Heaven grant me an interview with the young hunter. I must warn him of the dangers which threaten the white men.'

She now rose from her seat and hurried down the hill to the place where she hoped to meet her lover. When she arrived there, all was still and quiet except the gentle murmuring of the water as it came from the lake and rippled along over its pebbly bed. Seating herself upon the bank of the stream she watched the trout as they darted to the surface of the water to catch a fly or grasshopper that by chance lighted there. After she had sat there a short time watching the fish and listening to every sound, she heard human voices.

'There! he's coming and the old hunter with him,' she said to herself. 'I'm glad he does not venture alone, for the Indians would kill him should they happen to meet him.'

'Ah! there she sits,' said old Bill. 'I had a kind of impression that we should find her to-day the weather is so fine.'

'I see her and she sits in the same place you did when she threw out the trout awhile ago,' said Parsons.

Soon they reached the place where she was. She rose gracefully from her seat on the bank and greeted them with smiles. Parsons was to much overcome with his own feelings to say anything when he first came up, but the old hunter was as social as ever.

'Ah! sweet one, we have found thee at last,' said the old man, taking her by the hand and shaking it most cordially. 'Thrice have we been here, but found you not. My young companion here would like to cage such a bird as you are. Do you feel willing to go to the white man's lodge?'

'And leave my father in his old age?' she replied.

'He can go too,' said Parsons. 'Our lodge is large enough for all of us.'

'Ah! large as it is fire can burn it to the ground,' she said.

'But who will set the fire?' inquired old Bill, feeling some anxiety to find out if the Indians contemplated any attack, for there had been some suspicious among the inmates of the garrison that such might be the case.

'The Indians!' she replied in a voice of warning.

'Will they dare to come within reach of our guns?' asked Parsons.

'In the darkness of the night they will creep up and fire the garrison, unless you keep lights burning about it so that they cannot conceal themselves,' she replied.

'Do the rascals expect to find us napping? Tell them a weasel never sleeps, and that they will find many weasels at the old block house,' said the old hunter.

'Have you heard of any plans among the Indians Hutoka?' inquired Parsons.

'Yes. My father is away from his lodge to-day for the express purpose of trying to raise a force to burn your wigwam over your heads, and then murder and scalp all its inhabitants,' she replied. 'I came to give you timely warning that you may be prepared to meet them when they come. You'll not see them in open day, but under the cover of darkness will they come.'

'We'll double our watch,' said old Bill. 'Let me see one creeping up to set fire to our building, and I'll make a hole in him the light will shine through.'

'Why do you wish to go back?' inquired Parsons. 'Come go with me and you shall be happy. White folks treat you kindly.'

'Why do I wish to go back,' she repeated, while she gazed upon him reprovingly. 'Have I not a father? A poor companion indeed should I make for you or any other white man, if I had a heart to leave my father. I love you, but remember that love does not destroy the affection I have for my father. I first loved him, and as his daughter, I shall love him to the end.'

'But your father is wicked and has murdered the white men,' said the old hunter.

'True, but he is my father, and the Great Spirit has taught me to love him as such. He has indeed his faults and his sins. And who has not? Perfection is not the lot of humanity. If daughters did not love only parents who are without sin, how few loving daughters there would be in the world! My father hates the white man, and would murder him at any time. This is his besetting sin. He knows not—he feels not the enormity of such crimes. So long has he cherished these enormities that he knows not how wicked they are. He feels justified before the Great Spirit in murdering the white men, for he believes he is a thief and a robber. But no more of this now. I came to warn you of approaching danger. Be watchful—be careful by night and by day, or the wily Indians will set it in a blaze. They are fully bent on the work, and nothing but vigilance can save your garrison from the flames. I knew their plans. The time is not yet agreed upon, but will be soon. Mark well what I say. What the result may be Heaven only knows. I have done my duty. We may meet again. I must away.'

And she left them and was lost among the trees before the love-smitten Parsons had time to even kiss her hand, had she been disposed to permit him such a privilege.

'By my faith Jim, that half breed wears brighter and brighter,' said the old hunter, 'But how you can catch her is more than I can tell. One thing is certain. You must court or kill her father, or she will never be-

come your wife. The old Indian must be put out of the way, or coaxed into favor before you can come in, and the former can be much more easily done than the latter. He can be murdered, but he can't be made to love the white men.'

'But should I murder him, would she ever forgive me?' inquired Parsons.

'Ah! that's well thought of,' replied the old man. 'She's beautiful, but high toned for all that.'

Parsons and his old friend now departed for home. The former was glad to meet Hutoka, but the interview had rather thickened, than cleared away the clouds which hung over his prospects, and the latter was determined to profit by the information she had communicated in relation to the plan of the Indians.

## CHAPTER VII.

The intelligence respecting the contemplated assault of the Indians which Parsons and the old hunter had received from Hutoka, was communicated to the inmates of the block house, and, as might reasonably be expected, produced quite an excitement among the people. Having for several weeks been suspicious that the Indians were collecting forces to make an attack upon the garrison, they were now all up in arms since these suspicions were confirmed by the facts received from the Indian girl. Scattered over a great extent of territory as their savage foes were, the white people had no means of ascertaining their number, or the forces they could bring to the contemplated attack. This want of information with regard to the strength of their enemies, increased their alarm, and made every man feel sensible of the danger which threatened him, in case the Indians should muster in sufficient numbers to encourage them to an open and bold attack.

The old hunter was less alarmed, perhaps, than most of the inhabitants of the garrison, for, being more thoroughly acquainted with the Indian character, their mode of warfare, and their great want of courage than his brethren, he did not believe the enemy would venture upon an open and fair fight and in broad day. It is true, he feared the black rascals, as he always called the Indians, might make an attempt to burn the block house in the darkness of the night, therefore by his advice and discretion the night watch was much increased, and lights kept burning through the night in the absence of the moon.

'Let the copper colored scoundrels come on in the day time, if they dare, and we'll thin their ranks?,' said the old hunter to old Deacon Stevens, who was much alarmed, and expressed his fears that they might all be murdered.

'Yes, but remember there are but few of us,' replied the good Deacon. 'We must pray more and trust in Providence.'

'True, we must trust in Providence for every thing, but we must also keep our guns bright and in good order,' said the old hunter. 'Providence will expect this of us, if we hope for victory. With twenty trusty, well armed men at our port holes, I should'nt fear all the Indians this side of Canada.'

'Ah! we know not what a day may bring forth,' the good Deacon replied. 'The Evil One is sometimes let loose for a season.'

'Well, then we must kill him off and stop his career,' said the old hunter. 'Get behind us, Satan, must be our motto, and the old rascal will flee.'

'Very true,' answered the worthy Deacon, 'but people are sometimes punished for their sins.'

'Then they mustn't sin, that's all,' replied Old Bill. 'I'll tell you what 'tis deacon, if the Indians make an attack upon these premises, we must give it to 'em most unmercifully.'

'I should hope we might defend ourselves with the help of Providence,' said the good man, 'but it is a dreadful thing to shed human blood. War's a great evil, and sent upon nations to punish them for their transgressions.'

'I don't mind much about the shedding of an Indian's blood, when he comes in my way,' said the old hunter. 'Don't you remember how a black devil of Indian murdered a mother and two children a few weeks ago, and skinned their heads to carry their scalps to Canada? 'I've been hunting wild game for the last fifty years, and now I'm willing to spend this season at least, in killing Indians.'

Miss Dorcas Rand now made her appearance, holding in her hand the picture of a fish on birch bark, which Hutoka had sketched in charcoal. She had never seen it before, and knew not who drew it, so she thought she would make the old hunter believe she sketched it.

'See here, Old Bill, what a handsome fish I have painted on this birch bark?' she said, presenting the picture to him, and looking quite grand.

'You painted!' he echoed, and burst out into a loud laugh.

'Yes, I painted!' she said with a curl of her lip, 'can't I paint as well as this, think you?'

'Perhaps you can, but I doubt it,' he replied. 'That fish was painted by a handsomer gal than you are by two chalks, I know the fair hand which drew it, so you need not attempt to palm off upon me an Indian gal's work as your own. I know a trick worth two of that.'

'An Indian girl's work!' she repeated most contemptuously. 'You talk like an old fool. You better try to make me believe the moon is made of green cheese?'

'No, I shan't try to do that,' he replied. 'But I say to you here before the worthy Deacon that an Indian girl by the name of Hutoka, or the Springing Fawn, painted that fish, and what may not be altogether so pleasant to you, I tell you she painted it expressly for a young man by the name of James Parsons. Do you understand? Ah! Dorcas, I'm not, perhaps, so much of a fool as some other folks. Don't you remember the noble trout Jim brought home the other day? That picture is an image of it, painted by the same beautiful hand that caught the fish.'

The Deacon's curiosity was now so much excited that he took the piece of birch bark from the agitated young lady, and examined it with manifest interest.

'It looks very much like a trout, and very handsomely done, considering the material the painter had to work with,' said the Deacon, adjusting his spectacles and looking at it very closely. 'You don't mean to say an Indian girl painted this, and gave it to our friend James, do you?'

'I did say it, and meant what I said,' replied Old Bill, smiling most provokingly in the face of Miss Rand.

Now the good deacon knew that this old hunter was a man of truth, and notwithstanding his habit of joking occasionally, yet when called upon to state a thing frankly, his word was always taken for the truth.

'Gave it to young Parsons!' repeated the Deacon in surprise. 'To him!'

Why, he's one of our best young men to fight the Indians! And would he receive a present from an Indian girl? He's not going to turn traitor, I hope, and join our savage enemies!"

'He would like to join that Indian girl who painted that fish,' replied the old hunter. 'And I hope he will yet, for she's one of the most bewitching females I ever saw.'

The Deacon threw up his spectacles upon his forehead, and stared with astonishment, while Miss Dorcas walked the room in great agitation, and looked at Old Bill as if she was mad enough to eat him up. The old hunter gazed upon her, and at last broke out into a loud laugh. The poor girl would hold in her temper no longer. She felt as if it was too much for flesh and blood to bear.

'You talk like an old fool,' she repeated. 'And Deacon Stevens thinks so.'

'How many times more are you going to say that, fatibus?' he asked.

At the word *fatibus* she boiled over with passion, and sprang towards the old hunter, as if she would either scratch his eyes out, or bite off his nose. He put one hand against her swelling bosom, and kept her at bay, and smiled most provokingly. Now the good deacon thought old Bill's hand was in a very improper place, and he could find no authority in scripture for such laying on of the hand, nor any excuse except in the law of self-preservation.

'Why, Dorcas, thou must not fight, nor let the sun go down upon thine anger,' said the deacon.

'Let the pot boil, for it will soon run over and put the fire out,' said old Bill, laughing, and holding the pugnacious girl at arm's length. Love plays strange freaks with the gals sometimes, especially when they happen to fall in love with young fellows who will not love them. Miss Dorcas, deacon, feels wounded because an Indian girl has won a heart she has been struggling for many months.'

She was now more enraged than ever, and suddenly making a pass at him, she hit his cheek before he could ward off the blow. This made him laugh more heartily still, at this moment young Parsons entered. He could not keep from smiling at witnessing the belligerent attitude of the lady who professed to love him so much. The deacon during this time held the picture of the fish which had created such an excitement.

'Where did that come from?' inquired Parsons, taking the piece of birch bark from the deacon's hand, and placing it in his bosom.

'Miss Dorcas brought here,' said the deacon. 'There's some dispute between them as to who painted the image of the fish upon it. She intimated that she did it, while he says that an Indian girl painted it.'

'Am I not right?' asked the old hunter, withdrawing his hand from that improper place, and smiling.

'I must say you are,' replied Parsons, looking at the agitated girl reprovingly.

The young woman now left the room apparently much affected, turning a sour look upon the old hunter as she went out, which he returned with interest.

'She's a hard case,' said old Bill. 'I would' as soon go to bed with a wild cat, or kiss a porcupine as her.'

'I was astonished at witnessing such an ebullition of passion,' said the deacon, replacing his spectacles over his eyes, and elongating his countenance to a very pious length. 'She always appeared to be an amiable, well disposed young woman, and therefore I'm the more surprised at her irritable nature and fiery disposition.'

'Ah! deacon, a woman's heart is a deep thing, and requires a good deal of digging to get to the bottom.'

'It may be, for the scriptures say the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' replied the deacon, in a very solemn manner.

'I suppose that passage includes all hearts both of men and women, does it not?' inquired the old hunter.

'The whole world lieth in wickedness,' answered the deacon. 'Like sheep we have all gone astray.'

The old deacon now left the room, whether to soothe the irritated nerves of Miss Rand, or to instil some grace into her heart, does not appear from the records of those times.

'Well, Jim, Dorcas showed herself this time not much to her advantage in the estimation of the old deacon,' said old Bill. 'She needs a good deal of Christian instruction before she can go to that happy place the Deacon talks so much about. Hutoka, brought up in the woods as she has been, has much more of the Christian than Dorcas has. She's a good subject for the deacon to work upon.'

'I'm sorry she conducts herself in such a manner, but I am not answerable for her actions,' said Parsons. 'I never gave her any encouragement to hope that I should make a wife of her. Such an idea never entered my head.'

'And if it ever had, the sight of Hutoka would have driven it out,' replied his companion. 'How do you feel about the Springing Fawn, now? Do you think you shall ever be able to catch her?'

'The prospect looks dark, I must confess,' replied Parsons, 'but I have not lost all hope. Her father is the only obstruction in the way. If he was dead and buried, I think she would be willing to follow my fortunes, don't you?'

'No doubt of it at all,' answered Old Bill, 'She loves you, but she will never leave her father, black and ugly as he may be. Of that I'm perfectly satisfied; for she talked too strongly on that point to leave any doubt on my mind.'

'She certainly appears to be friendly towards us, as she would not have informed us of the intended movements of the Indians,' said Parsons.

'Friendly!' repeated the old hunter. 'Yes, she is indeed friendly, and I probably more so on your account. If such an angel of a woman, would I love me as much as I think she loves you, I verily believe I should be more happy than I am now, old as I am. Why, I'm not too old to love yet, although I may be too old to be loved.'

'When will you go to the 'outlet' with me again?' asked Parsons. 'She may have been there since we have.'

'True, she may have been, and perhaps had something of importance to tell us,' he said. 'We will go to-morrow morning. It would be well to go every other day, if not every day, until we meet her again.'

It was agreed between them that they would go when morning came. Soon after breakfast, the next day, they started for that little stream, which had become so much endeared to young Parsons. We will leave them on their journey, and turn to other matters which, in the order of events claim our attention. On the same morning, Hutoka, her father and the young Indian, Sebattus, went out on a hunting excursion. The old Indian led off over the hill in the same direction, by the same place where Parsons and his companion were bound. Hutoka made no objection to the course her father was pursuing until they began to descend the hill towards the Outlet. She then began to fear that her friends might be there waiting for her, and trembled at the consequence of their all meeting there together. A



bloody battle might be the consequence, and perhaps the death of one or more of the party.

When within a half a mile of the place, she was exceedingly uneasy. What to do or to say she did not know. Parsons and the old hunter might be there at that moment, and if her father should see them first, he and Sebattus would creep up and shoot them before they had any warning, or chance to defend themselves.

'What can be done?' she said within herself. 'If they meet, a battle will ensue, and perhaps Parsons may shoot my father! And could I live with, or love, the murderer of my father? Never! The thought is dreadful. No, no. They must not meet, and yet how can I prevent it? If I attempt to persuade my father to go in another direction, he will be suspicious; for already he has questioned me closely, why I seem to favor the white man. He is now more jealous than ever, since the plan is laid, and the Indians only wait to agree upon the night when the attack upon the garrison shall be made. Soon the moon will not shine, and then the work is to be done, if they have the power to execute their plan. Ah! a thought strikes me! I'll go on ahead under a pretence of catching a trout, before they come up. Then if Parsons and his old friend is there I can give them warning.'

'Oh, father, I will run on ahead to the outlet of the pond, and may be, I can catch a trout before you and Sebattus come up.'

'Me willing,' said her father. 'Catch good large one and we cook him.'

'I will if I can,' she said, bounding away like a deer.

'Hutoka run faster than you, Sebattus, may be,' said the old Indian.

'Me try pretty hard, if she lived in wigwam with me, if I overtook her,' said Sebattus.

'Ugh! she be willing one of these days perhaps,' replied the father.

'She's wild bird, and must be crept up to softly.'

'Me have tried every way, but she too shy,' replied Sebattus sorrowfully.

'Me give her to you, if you burn white man's great wigwam,' said he.

'Me burn it or die,' said Sebattus.

The Indians don't have many words in making their bargains. They had talked over this matter before, but Sebattus had never been offered Hutoka for the performance of this feat until now, although her father had thrown out such intimations. After some further conversation, the bargain was completed. If Sebattus would set fire to the block house, with his own hand, then Hutoka was to be his wife, whether she was willing or not.

Hutoka hurried to the Outlet with all her speed, and just as she arrived there Parsons and the old hunter came in sight. She didn't stop at the stream, but hastened across upon the fallen tree, and met them upon the other side. She was much out of breath; and greatly agitated.

'There the angel comes like a deer,' said Old Bill, as he saw her crossing the stream.

Soon she came up to them and shook hands most cordially. Parsons' heart palpitated almost as much as her's did with running.

'What news, dear girl?' inquired the old hunter.

'Hush! Speak low,' she said. 'Father and a young Indian are near at hand. You must away and conceal yourselves, or the death of some of you must be the consequence.'

'We can conceal ourselves and shoot them,' said the old hunter.

'What! Shoot my father before my eyes!' she said, gazing into the face of the old hunter, as if she would search and wither him with her look. 'No, no. I never could be a friend, much less love him, who murdered my father. Away! and conceal yourselves before they arrive. Be

quick and tarry not. Hear me, and go if you value my peace, and your own lives. The plan is laid to burn your garrison. About fifty Indians have agreed to go. This is all the force they can raise.'

'Then it is to be done?' anxiously inquired Old Bill.

'Hark, and hear me, and away,' she replied. No night is yet agreed upon. The moon shines too much. Soon as she ceases to shine, then they will go. Remember the moon and be prepared. Now leave me, and guard well yourselves.'

Parsons and his companion hurried away some two or three gunshots off, and concealed themselves in some thick bushes on an elevated spot of ground, from which they could see them when they came to the 'Outlet,' and not be discovered themselves. Hutoka, soon as they had gone, prepared her hook and line, and sat quietly down to angling for the trout. Soon she caught a noble one, and was playing after another, when her father and Sebattus came up.

She ran up the bank, and, holding up the trout she had caught, said, 'See here, I told you I would take one before you arrived, and I have.'

'Hutoka beat you catching trout, methink,' said her father, smiling.

'May be so, but me try,' said Sebattus, preparing his own hook and line for the sport.

'Me tell you throw in hook together,' said the old Indian, 'and see which beats.'

They did so, and exerted their utmost skill to lure the cautious trout. The old Indian looked on with much interest, wishing both might beat if it were possible.

Soon a large trout seized Hutoka's hook, and whisked the line through the water with great force. She gave him all the line she could, and then snubbed him. The hook had passed through the trout's upper jaw, and would not well break away. Soon the fair angler brought him safe upon dry land. He was a much larger fish than the first one she caught, and nearly as large as the one she took several days previous, which Old Bill said Parsons intended to embalm.

'Ah! Hutoka beat you this time,' said her father.

Just as he spoke Sebattus felt a bite, and pulled, but the trout escaped. The old Indian laughed, and told Hutoka to put in her hook again. She did so, while Sebattus was preparing his hook with some more bait, and instantly the same trout which darted at Sebattus' hook fastened himself on Hutoka's. 'She better luck than her companion, for she soon laid him on dry ground beside the other one. Her father was highly gratified with the sport. They tried awhile longer, but Sebattus caught only one small one, while the girl caught one more large one.

'Me give up beat,' said Sebattus, pulling his hook from the water and smiling.

'Now me cook 'em,' said the old Indian going up the bank where there was some dry stuff to kindle a fire.

'Ugh!' he exclaimed. 'White man been here, may be,—he build fire, and cook 'em trout too.'

'Perhaps Indians do it,' said Hutoka, looking upon the burnt ground where Parsons and the old hunter had kindled a fire a few days before.

'Me think white man by looks,' replied her father, preparing to make a fire on the same spot.

He saw something in the brands, or something else about the spot which induced him to believe it was the work of a white man, at any rate, the relics of the fire did not look to him like the work of an Indian. Such is an Indian's instinct. Soon he had a fire blazing up. Sebattus having dress-

ed the fish in the stream, brought them up, and Hutoka commenced the process of broiling or roasting them.

They were now in a situation where the old hunter and Parsons could distinctly see them, as they were gathered in a group about the fire.

'See!' said Old Bill, Hutoka has caught some trout and is cooking them. How easy we could creep up and pop the rascals over, and carry off the beautiful Hutoka. They are stout looking Indians. Even the younger one is well grown and her father is a noble looking man. He would make a good mark for me. I feel as if I did not want to let this opportunity pass. It is a capital chance. We can go down into the valley of the stream, and cautiously creep through the thick alders and bore them through as they would us, if they had the same chance upon us that we have upon them. Come, what say you for trying our old guns. They have'nt shot an Indian for a long time, and if they could talk they would now speak out in our hands and ask us to try them.'

'No, no,' replied Parsons with a beating heart and swelling chest, Hutoka told us to hide ourselves, and keep away. She would never forgive us.'

But no matter whether she forgives me or not,' replied the old hunter, feeling really anxious to gratify his revenge upon them. 'You can shoot the young Indian and I bore the old one through, and then you would not be the murderer of her father. No doubt the old rascal has scalped women and young children, my boold boils when I think of it.'

'But for Hutoka, Parsons would have been as ready to engage in the fight as his older companion, for he had always hated the Indians most bitterly, but now his revenge was a little softened by the love he bore the Indian girl, still he would kill Indians now. But Hutoka's father—to see him murdered and in her presence, was more than he could endure.

'I never can consent to see the father of her I love so dearly, murdered,' replied Parsons. 'She would never forgive the deed. Her love might be turned into hate, and then I might as well be dead as alive. No, no. It must never be.'

'That young copper-colored dog, no doubt, is fishing after Hutoka, and may, by the influence of her father, yet cage the fair bird,' said Old Bill. 'If I were in your situation, I would shoot that young devil down just as soon as I could get near enough to make a ball reach him.'

'Do you think he can do any thing with her?' anxiously inquired Parsons. 'No, no—I'm wrong for feeling jealous. She never will marry an Indian.'

'Her father has great control over her, and may compel her to marry him,' he said. 'And how can you hope to gain her under such circumstances? Ah! your chance is a small one indeed. Let us kill them and trust to luck.'

'Never!' sternly replied Parsons. 'Her father may yet consent to let her come and live with me. She may prevail on him.'

'As well might she attempt to change the color of his skin as to persuade him to consent to her marrying you, or any other white man, said the old hunter, gazing upon them as they were eating the trout, and feeling more and more anxious to wreak his vengeance upon them. All your hopes must be vain, unless those two Indians are put into the darkness of the grave.'

Parsons' heart was sorely pressed. He felt the truth of the old hunter's remarks, yet his great love for Hutoka made him hope even against hope.

'I cannot—no—I will not be a witness of the grief and anguish which would wring her heart while she beheld the bleeding corpse of her father,'

said Parsons, in a voice which told the old hunter how deeply he felt. 'Urge me no more. She may go to Canada—marry that young Indian, forever avoid me—die—but I cannot behold her leaning over the dead body of her father.'

'Well, well, Jim. I wont urge you more, but I should like to shoot the black devils,' replied the old hunter.

While they were thus conversing, Hutoka and her companions, having finished their meal, went away, and were soon lost to their sight.

'Come, Jim, they are gone, and we will be off,' said Old Bill. 'Remember the moon and be prepared,' Hutoka said, and we will remember it.' And they also took up their line of march back to the garrison.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

'That good place to catch 'em trout where we went yesterday,' said Sebattus as he sat watching Hutoka while she was angling in the lake near her father's lodge the next morning after their excursion to the outlet.

'It is fine sport, but the trout are not so large there as they are in this lake,' she replied while she was steadily flying her hook in the water and endeavoring to tempt the shining tenants of the lake. I think however the flavor of those trout is more delicious than that of these I kill here, but I love to catch large ones after all, they seize the bait so earnestly, and feel so strong. There! I feel a bite, but it is not a trout. See! he don't move the line, he has gone to the bottom and there he is gorging the bait, I shall let him swallow it, and then take him out.'

'What is it?' enquired Sebattus. 'He make water fly when he bite. He very large.'

'I think it is a pickerel,' she replied, suddenly drawing the hook and fish towards the shore. It proved to be a pickerel as she conjectured and a large one too. Sebattus was much delighted with her performance.

'Me rather catch pickerel than trout,' he said. 'They bite sharper.'

'I like to take the trout better, they run off with the line so far and play so prettily,' she replied, A trout always comes out of the water full of life and motion while a pickerel comes out stiff and motionless almost as a stick.'

Hutoka had recently treated the young Indian with more kindness than usual, but yet not so warmly as to encourage him to hope very confidently. As her father had grown quite silent and cautious upon the subject of the contemplated burning of the garrison she was the more anxious to get all the information she could out of Sebattus, and therefore she treated him thus kindly. She felt, but she could give no particular reason for it, that her father had recently given Sebattus some promises of her hand. The young Indian's conduct as well as the movements of her father had impressed her with this belief, and she was anxious to know the facts.

'But he bite so sharp and make water fly so, I love to see him,' said Sebattus.

'That is exciting,' replied Hutoka, 'but they look so sharkish I'm almost afraid to take them off the hook, lest their sharp teeth prick my fingers.'

Sebattus smiled and looked into the countenance of the beautiful angler with deeper and deeper interest. She noticed his increasing attachment, and meant to profit by it.

'Don't you feel afraid that white man will shoot you?' she asked in a tone of voice which impressed him with a belief that she almost began to love him, but which in truth arose from her anxiety to pump him rather than from any love she felt for him.

'Me no 'fraid of white man,' he replied. 'Me fight for you. Me lose my life for Hutoka.'

'But the white men don't want to injure poor Indian girl,' she answered. 'He wouldnt kill me if he were to meet me in the woods.'

'Ah! me 'fraid he shoot you,' he said. 'White man cunning, he smile at same time he shoot—he deceitful—don't know when to trust him—he kiss you and then kill you.'

'Oh no, white men would't kill me,' she replied, almost smiling at his jealousy.

'You must not trust him,' he said. 'Me don't trust him. Me burn his great wigwam when moon don't shine.'

'But suppose my father be killed in the attempt to burn the wigwam where would I flee?' she asked. 'No body to take care of me then.'

'Me take care of you,' he anxiously replied. 'Me love you, and when we burn white man's wigwam, me have you.'

The thought now flashed upon her mind that her father had promised her to Sebattus, if he would burn the garrison. She knew his great anxiety to see the white man's garrison in flames, and she was aware also of the perilous nature of the enterprise. The Indians were cowards, and not willing to risk their lives where they thought there was great peril, unless there was some great inducement to urge them on. She very naturally concluded that Sebattus would incur almost any risk for the sake of having her. She had seen enough of him, and heard enough from him to satisfy her of this fact, and hence her suspicion that some bargain had been entered upon between Sebattus and her father, but what were the particulars of the arrangements she knew not. These she was anxious to learn from Sebattus.

'The white man watches his wigwam night and day, and he who undertakes to set it on fire will run the risk of losing his life,' she said eying the young Indian very sharply as if she would read his very thoughts.

'Me willing to die for you,' he replied gazing upon her in an extacy of joy.

'But if you die you never will see me,' she said.

'Me run the risk and then if me no die, me have you,' he answered.

'How can you be sure of that?' she inquired, manifesting an indifference she did not feel for the purpose of blinding him and leading him on to further disclosures. Perhaps I should not consent to have you.'

'Me think you would be willing to have me when me burn the great wigwam,' he said. 'All the Indians would look on me as great man, and Hutoka would have great man.'

She understood this appeal to her pride and ambition very well, and did not let him know but it had produced the effect upon her heart he desired. Concealing her own peculiar feelings she hoped thereby the better to assertain his.

'Perhaps my father would not consent to let me marry you,' she said.

'Ah! he promise me,' he replied. 'I burn the wigwam, and he give me Hutoka forever. He promise me to do this, and Indian's word never fail.'

Hutoka drew her hook and line from the water, and gazed upon the young Indian in silence but he knew not the thoughts that were running through her mind.

'You have me if father says so,' he continued. 'Indian girl always mind her father, and me know Hutoka will.'

'We'll say no more upon the subject,' said Hutoka, taking her fishing rod and going to the lodge.

'You no say anything to father,' he anxiously said just as she was leaving him.

She made no reply, but inferred what was the fact that her father had enjoined secrecy upon Sebattus, but she had managed to make him reveal the secret in spite of his own cunning; or her father's injunction. When she entered the lodge, she found her father cleaning his gun.

'Me have gun in good order,' said her father. 'Soon moon no shine and then white man's wigwam make great light.'

'Yes, such a light that white men see how to shoot,' she replied.

'Indians see too,' he replied. 'We'll kill 'em when they run out of fire. Sebattus will burn it. He good courage—he no 'fraid to die like some old Indians.'

'And yet he may die and you too father,' she answered. 'And if you're shot, where will your Hutoka go?'

The old Indian was more cunning than Sebattus, for he did not reveal what her question was intended to draw from him, but he remained silent and thoughtful. She was not, however, so easily driven from her purpose, and once more catechised him, silent and reserved as he was.

'Oh! how often have I thought of the loneliness of my situation in case the white men should kill you,' she continued.

'May be white men take care of you,' he replied ironically.

'Would such a thought make it more easy for you to die?' she inquired, taking him on his own ground and fighting him with his own weapons. 'White man never shoots Indian woman, but Indian shoots white woman.'

'May be so,' he replied. 'But me rather white man shoot you than you live with him.'

'When he kills you he would make me live with him,' she said. 'O, father, how I wish you would give up your project of burning the white man's garrison. There is danger in it, and your life will be exposed to great peril. If you wish to preserve me from the white man, you will not expose yourself to the white man's gun.'

'We look out and not be killed,' he said. 'We lay in bushes when Sebattus carries the torch to burn wigwam, and shoot 'em. Get good many scalps to carry to Canada.'

Thus the old Indian and his daughter conversed until Sebattus entered the lodge. Both were shrewd and cunning. She tried every means in her power to draw from her father what she had learnt from young Sebattus, but he was too cunning for her. During the whole of the conversation she was very careful to conceal from him what she had succeeded in worming from the younger and less shrewd Sebattus. The old man very well knew that she would never willingly consent to become the spouse of his young friend, but yet he thought she could be more easily driven to such a union after the Block House should be burnt than before, for the feat would give to the young warrior a great name among his red brethren.

and set him up so high that the old Indian really thought that Sebattus's fame and reputation would inflate the pride of Hutoka, and make her more readily yield to his commands.

His reasoning was well enough upon common principles, but had he known that his daughter was in love with a white man already, he might not, and probably would not, have placed so much confidence in his deductions. He knew that Hutoka did not hate the white men as much as he did, for she had always been frank enough with him to acknowledge it, but he attributed this to the natural sensibilities of her heart, and to the fact also that her mother was a white woman. Now this was all true as far as it went. She had great sensibility and sympathy, and hated the white man less in consequence of her mother's having been a white woman, but this hatred towards the white men, if she ever had any, was not altogether diminished by the above considerations. Her love for young Parsons had done more in doing away the prejudice towards the white man which she might have once entertained than any thing else. She saw the young angler, and by one of those unaccountable freaks of the female heart she loved him, and loved him most ardently too. It is true ever since she had passed from girlhood to womanhood, and arrived at that period in female life, when a woman thinks she must love, she had ever been determined not to marry an Indian. If she had not come to this determination she might have loved young Sebattus, for he was one of the handsomest and smartest young Indians to be found in any of the tribes in that section of the country. True, he did not belong to the nobility, but he bid fair to become one of their great men in council, especially if he successfully performed the feat which he and Hutok's father had planned with so much interest and hope.

The fair Hutoka was not ignorant of all these qualities of Sebattus, nor of his prospects in case he succeeded in burning the Block House which the white folks had erected to protect themselves against Indian barbarity and cruelty, but he was an Indian of full blood, and such she was determined never to marry under any circumstances. Her father believed he could control her in her choice of a husband as he had hitherto in every thing else, and Sebattus relied for his success in obtaining her more upon her father's influence and the name he hoped to acquire than he did upon any emotions of love which he might be able to excite in her bosom, but he as well as her father had not yet learnt her true character, nor the peculiar state of her heart.

The moon waned and the time drew on apace when the great fire was to be kindled, and women and children to be cruelly butchered. As yet Sebattus had never seen the Block House which was to become the theatre of his exploits, and he was desirous of reconnoitering the place before the night should arrive when the attempt should be made to set the fire. The old Indian too was anxious that the young warrior should view the garrison and the lay of the land which surrounded it. For several days they contemplated an excursion to the vicinity of the garrison that Sebattus might have an opportunity to examine the place.

The next day after the conversation took place recorded above, Sebattus and his old friend started to reconnoiter. They proceeded very cautiously when they approached within about a half mile of the garrison, lest they might meet some of the men belonging to it, for the Indians in those days were quite as much afraid of the whites as the whites were of them. All both white and red men, were very cautious when they were in the woods and kept a very sharp look-out.

'Go down the valley of this brook, bushes thick,' said the old Indian.

'We not a great way off' now, wigwam down there, white man sometimes about.'

Cautiously they wended their way down the valley of the brook which ran past the block house distant about fifty rods to the South west. The banks of this stream was lined with a growth of thick alders, making a fine covert for the wily savages. They pursued the course of the stream down nearly half way to the interval below. A thick growth of hard wood, hemlock and fir trees here spread out on either side of the brook and ran up within twenty rods, or perhaps less of the block house. Some scattering trees grew within a gun shot of the back side, or south west end of the building which would afford concealment for the enemy in the night, but would prove a poor protection in the day-time.

Sebattus and his old guide cautiously crept along as far as the thick growth would conceal them, but dared venture no farther. From this point they could distinctly see the object of their search, and some men at work in a field not far distant. This was the spot the old Indian had selected where the Indians were to be placed on the night of the attack.

'Me think this be the best place,' said the old Indian, 'Woods grow nearer here than any where else.'

'Then it be the best place,' replied Sebattus. 'We can go up behind the trees very near the wigwam when the moon no shine and all dark. See white man yonder. Me like to shoot him.'

'No shoot 'em now—too many—have guns in the field—white man cunning—always have guns with him—he know how to shoot too as well as Indians,' said the old Indian.

'We go round upon the other side of them—woods there, and may be we kill one and then run,' said the blood-thirsty Sebattus.

'Ugh!' ejaculated his companion, 'me no do that now—alarm white man and he watch more for it. Me want 'em think no Indians about—then they no think we come.'

The proposition of the young warrior met with no favor from his more wily and cautious companion. And having examined the garrison and the ground round as much as they dared to, or thought was necessary, they started back through the same valley they came down without being discovered. They proceeded on their way towards Lily Pond, intending to see if there was any game about its shores or in its waters. Having come to a grove of pine trees about twenty-five rods from the pond, they made a halt to rest themselves for a few moments.

'Hark!' said old Bill, pulling his companion, James Parsons, by the coat sleeve. 'I hear something either wild beasts or Indians. Let us be cautious.'

Parsons and his old friend had just come from the pond where they had been in pursuit of game, and were now within two gun shots of Sebattus and his old guide.

'Hush!' said Parsons. 'I hear something too—voices I believe. Let us move carefully a short distance further, and we may hear more distinctly.'

'They moved cautiously along about twenty paces and again listened.

'Indians, by heavens!' whispered the old hunter, examining his gun, to see if all was right, 'I can hear their cursed jargon. Make not a breath of noise! Mind where you place your feet, for they would hear the cracking of a stick as quick as a black duck. If there are but two of them let us give it to 'em. My old gun can finish one of them.'

'Who knows but they may be Hutoka's father and that young Indian we saw at the outlet,' said Parsons, feeling most intensely anxious.



'Perhaps they be, and if so, I will take the old black devil and you take the young one,' replied the old hunter. 'You wouldn't like to kill Hutoka's father, but I would send a bullet through his heart as quick as I would kill a black snake.'

'No, I would not kill him,' said Parsons in a tremulous voice.

'Well you would like, I conclude, to shoot the young Indian,' replied old Bill. 'He's your rival in the graces of the fair Hutoka, and if you can stop his wind you will be taking one good step towards the accomplishment of that object which lies so near your palpitating heart. Then if I should drop the old rascal you would have a clear field, and no one to molest or interrupt you.'

Parsons had an instinctive dread of seeing the father of her whom he loved so well lying a bleeding corse before him, still be some times wished he was dead, although he would not on any account be himself his executioner. The truth is the young man was in a complete quandary, and did not know what answer to make to his old friend's question.

'Hark! I hear them still more plainly,' whispered the old hunter, drawing up his gun, and straining his eyes through the bushes in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. Parsons also prepared himself for a shot, but with great fear and trembling, for he was strongly impressed with the belief that Hutoka's father was near, and dreaded to see him murdered, although, as the old hunter had often told him, he could not see his way clear to obtain Hutoka unless her father was in his grave. The Indians had not yet moved from the fallen tree upon which they were sitting, but fresh breeze springing up from the south, had wafted the sound of their voices more distinctly to the ears of the wary and cautious hunter.

'I hear them more plainly,' said Parsons. 'Lucky the wind is favorable, for they can't hear us so easily as we can them. Do you think it is her father?'

'Nothing more likely,' replied old Bill, 'He has been surveying the ground, and laying his plan for the burning of the garrison. Let us advance a few paces, and perhaps we can get our eye upon them. Hush! step as for your life, for if we are discovered they will stand an equal chance with us.'

They moved along a few paces, the old hunter on the lead, and the trembling Parsons close at his heels.

'Still as death!' whispered the old hunter. 'I see them upon a fallen tree facing us. They are the same Indians we saw at the outlet, the old man sits upon the right.'

Parsons stepped up so that he could see them, and he trembled like a leaf. He knew he must fire, or be fired at.

'It is a long shot—rather too long, but we can get no nearer with any safety,' continued the old hunter in a whisper. 'We must let them have it, and if we don't hit them, we shall frighten them, and they will clear out. Be cool and calm, hold your gun firm, and don't tremble. I wish we were nearer, but we must fire. Ready!'

Both guns were at their shoulders in an instant. Two sharp reports were heard following each other in rapid succession, hardly to be distinguished apart, so nearly at the same moment were the triggers pulled. The Indians sprang from the tree and went through the woods with the fleetness of the deer. Hutoka's father was wounded in the arm just above the elbow, but no bone was broken. The ball from Parson's gun grazed the tip of Sebastian's ear. No father damage was done, but both had a narrow escape. Before Parsons and his companion moved from their tracks they reloaded their guns to be prepared for whatever might happen. They then went

the place where the Indians sat. 'Too far off,' said the old hunter, pacing the distance. 'Rather farther than I thought it was—more than eighty yards. If I could have been twenty yards nearer, the old black devil would never have seen his hutoka again, but we frightened them most confoundedly, and that's better than nothing.'

Sebattus and his old guide soon found their way to their lodge. Hutoka was alarmed when she first saw her father's arm, but on examination, it was ascertained to be only a flesh wound. The story was told her how the affair happened, but she could not learn the particulars, for they did not know them themselves; still the thought flashed across her mind that Parsons and the old hunter might be the persons who fired, but she kept her lips closed and hoped the affair might prevent the execution of their plan to burn the garrison.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

The night was dark. There was no moon, and the stars were obscured by clouds which rose from the South, and spread quite over the heavens some time before the sun sank in the west. A gentle breeze from the South swept over the lake, rippling its surface, and dashing the little waves upon its pebbly shores. A whippoorwill came near the old Indian's lodge, and lighting upon a small fir-tree, which grew beside the inlet of the lake, began her evening song.

'Sing on, sweet warbler of the night! Thou hast no father to care for. Thou canst send up thy evening orison, and be happy, taking that tree of the forest for thy roost which suits thee best, and feeling no dread of death; for when it comes thou art prepared, while I sit here alone, every moment fearing that the white man's gun may kill my father, or the Indian's arrow pierce the heart of him whom I love next to my father. Yes, sweet bird, thou hast thy mate, and new objects to thy choice, but I am doomed to a worse fate. Thou art free as the water that trickles in yonder brook. Thou canst eat, drink and sing, free from care, and happy in thy state. Life to thee is indeed a blessing, and thou art now sending up thy song of gratitude to Him who gave it thee. Ah! I sometimes wish I were a bird that I might be free from the cares and troubles incident to human life. No, I must not have such a wish. My life is the free gift of him who gave life to that happy bird, and it is a blessing to me, or I should not have received it.'

Thus communed Hutoka with her own thoughts as she sat in her father's lodge, while he, Sebattus, and all the Indians they could muster were on their way to the block house, for the purpose of burning it and murdering its inmates. The long expected night had come. The moon was absent and would be the greater portion of the night. Thick clouds had enveloped the stars and shut out their light, and darkness covered the land. The inhabitants of the garrison were up in arms, for the night being so favorable they expected the Indians would attempt to execute their plan. The old hunter and Parsons had communicated the facts they had received from Hutoka, and all was done that could be done to be prepared to meet their savage foes. Every gun in the garrison was well charged with balls and buckshot. At each port hole in the building two armed men were stationed. The women and children were huddled together in one

room below, as if they felt safer for being together. Four tin lanterns were hung up—one at each corner of the garrison, but they gave but a feeble light, enough, however, to enable those at the port holes, by strict watching, to see the dark form of a savage. Should one attempt to creep up very near the building. All was anxiety and excitement within the walls of the block house.

'We will take our position at this port hole,' said the old hunter to Parsons, pointing to one which looked towards the South East. 'The black rascals, no doubt, will make the attack in this quarter, for the trees grow nearer to the house here than at any other point, and the Indians will seek all the shelter they can find. Is your gun well charged?'

'With a ball and several buckshot,' replied Parsons. 'Let me see one of them crawling along and I'll make him spring from his snake-like position.'

'Be careful and not shoot the fair Hutoka's father,' said the old hunter, smiling at the lover's sensibility. 'Leave that work for me to do. I think I must have hit him the other day.'

'I shall fire at any Indian to-night who may attempt to set fire to our garrison,' replied Parsons. 'I shall not stop to see whose father or brother he may be. It is enough for me to know that he is our enemy.'

'Bravely said, young man,' answered the old hunter. 'I'm glad to see you in such trim to-night. Kill the old rascal and Hutoka's yours; but never, if he's not put out of the way. Mark that, and govern yourself accordingly.'

Young Parsons had made up his mind to do his whole duty that night, let whoever of the Indians might fall. And truth compels us to say that ever since he and the old hunter fired at Sebattus and Hutoka's father, he was sorry that their shots did not prove more effectual. He now wished the old Indian was dead; for he was exceedingly fearful that Hutoka could never be his until that event took place.

While the above conversation was passing, the Indians, to the number of about forty, under the lead of Hutoka's father and young Sebattus, were creeping along through the valley of the brook. About midnight they had assembled in the woods to the Southeast of the garrison. All was silent and still, and thick darkness was over all save the feeble rays the four tin lanterns sent out round the garrison. The Indians were all to lie still in the woods, near the garrison, while Sebattus and the old Indian crept up and set fire to it. Sebattus would not go alone, for he said it must be set in two places. It was understood that when the white men rushed out, the Indians were to fire upon them in the light of the burning house.

While matters were in this state, Miss Dorcas Rand came up into the chamber where Parsons and the old hunter had stationed themselves, apparently much agitated.

'Do you think the Indians will really come to-night?' she inquired. 'I feel dreadfully frightened.'

'Come!' repeated Old Bill. 'Yes.' I expect to see them creeping up like snakes on their bellies every moment. Where's your gun? Every woman as well as man ought to be armed to-night.'

'O, how you frighten me!' she said, starting back and huddling up to Parsons, as if she thought he could protect her from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage foe, or it might have been in part for some other purpose.

'Don't stand before the port hole,' said the old hunter. 'Perhaps an Indian's gun may now be pointing at it, and the beauty of your fat cheek may be scared by a bullet.'

Old Bill's remark had the intended effect, and the young woman went below.

'That gal, I believe, would almost be willing to be shot if she could die in your arms,' continued the old hunter. 'I believe the creature is partially deranged.'

'Deacon Stevens told me yesterday that he thought she was a little out, but I'm in no way to be blamed for it; for I have always told her she could never become my wife,' replied Parsons.

'Hush!' said old Bill. 'I thought I had a glimpse of an Indian behind that large beech-tree.'

Both strained their eyes through the port hole in the direction towards the tree, but they could see nothing.

Hutoka's father was behind the tree, and Sebattus was but a short distance from him flat on his belly, creeping along like a snake. Soon the old Indian stooped down behind the tree and took the same position Sebattus had. There were a few bushes which concealed the latter, while the former was obliged to crawl over a clear place, just as he left the covert of the tree. At that moment the keen eye of the old hunter was upon him, and by the light of the lantern, which was placed at that corner of the garrison, he was enabled to see the dark form of the savage, as he was drawing his slow length along. The old hunter said nothing, but kept his eye upon the object, to make sure that what he saw was in fact an Indian. The light was dim and the wily Indian dragged himself along so slow, that the old hunter could not tell whether the thing he saw moved or not. Soon as he could satisfy himself that the object moved, he was determined to let him have the contents of his gun, whatever it might be. There was a small bunch of bushes a few feet ahead of the old Indian, and, being anxious to get under cover of them, where he could feel more safe, he hurried his movement a very little. At that moment the old hunter saw him, and the report of his gun was heard through the garrison and the woods surrounding it. Parsons also fired immediately after, as Sebattus rose at the sound of the old hunter's gun to make his escape; but his shot was not so effectual as his companion's; for he was so much excited that he could not take a steady aim; besides, he had not time to be deliberate, however unmoved his nerves might have been.

The whole garrison was thrown into the greatest excitement and consternation, by the report of the guns, and the yells of the savages, as they took to their heels, and ran from the scene as fast as their legs, and the darkness of the night, would permit. When the old hunter discharged his trusty piece, the old Indian sprang from his recumbent position, but immediately fell dead upon the spot. The ball had pierced his back between his shoulders, and three buckshot were found lodged in the same arm which Old Bill had wounded a short time before. Sebattus escaped with an arm broken just below the elbow. This wound did not stop his flight, but he fled with the speed of the wild deer, not knowing what had become of his old companion. The other Indians fled in every direction, each one looking out for himself. The old hunter gave orders for every man to discharge his piece when he heard the yells of the savages. This was done for the purpose of striking more terror into the hearts of the Indians. Every port hole was in a blaze, and the reports of some twenty guns went thro' the woods, alarming the black rascals, and dying away upon the intervals below.

Sebattus reached the lodge where Hutoka had passed a sleepless night, just as day broke. She saw he was wounded and alone, and her fears were alarmed for the safety of her father.

'Wounded and alone!' she exclaimed. 'Where is my father?', 'Speak! and tell me. Dead! I fear!'

'Me know not where he is,' he replied. 'Me run away when the white man fire—few minutes more, me and your father burn white man's wigwam.'

'Have you not seen my father since you were wounded?' she anxiously inquired. 'Where was he when you were fired upon?'

'He creeping up to burn wigwam,' he answered. 'Me no see him since.'

'Ah! it is as I always feared it would be,' she replied, sorrowfully. 'He's dead. The white man has conquered him at last. And here I am left alone in a strange wilderness.'

'Me be company for you—hunt for you—go back to Canada and live with you,' he said.

'Never!' she strongly replied. 'I would not live with you, when my father was alive, and I'm sure I would not now he's dead.'

'He may not be dead,' he replied. 'Me hope he's not dead. Remember his promise he gave you to me, and me must have you now.'

'He promised to give me to you, if you set the white man's wigwam on fire,' she replied. 'But have you burnt the building, or even touched fire to it? No. You went there to be wounded, and to be murdered, and now would you ask me to fulfil his promise when you have not yours? No, no Sebattus. You've no claim now to my hand, and surely you never had my heart. But enough of this, my mind is fixed never to be moved. How near were you to my father when you were wounded?'

'Few steps from him,' he replied. 'He and me laying close on the ground.'

'Did't you see him rise when you heard the guns?' she inquired.

'Me see nothing, me wounded and run,' he replied, 'may be he killed.'

'There is no doubt of it,' she answered sorrowfully. 'Long have I had a presentiment that he would fall a victim to the white man's rage. I felt last night that I should never see him again. Some unseen power impressed this belief upon me, and I could not shake it off. I'm sure he's dead; and soon as your arm gets well I hope you will leave me. I must be alone. We can never live together, and we never shall.'

Young Sebattus began to think he had as hard a task to take the citadel of Hutoka's heart as he did to burn the white man's wigwam. In the latter enterprise he only got a broken arm, in the former, he was wounded in a more sensitive part. We must now leave the young persons together for a short time, and return to the garrison, or block house as it was always called in those days.

After the old hunter was satisfied that the Indians were frightened away, with Parsons and two or three others went out to see the result of his shot. They found the old Indian lying upon his face, his gun by his side. The old hunter turned over the dead body and exclaimed, 'The same old devil I fired at once before, see Jim.'

'It is indeed,' replied Parsons, turning away his eyes, and feeling such a mixture of joy and sorrow as he never experienced before.

'He was glad he was dead, because he thought he might now obtain the fair Hutoka, and he was sorry because he knew his death would press her heart with many sorrows.'

'Let us carry the body in and take proper care of it,' said the old hunter. 'He can't now scalp the women, or set fire to the block house.'

The dead body was now taken into the house and laid upon a bench. His gun was also set up near it. The children and a portion of the women were afraid even of a dead Indian. Soon as the sun rose deacon Stevens called the inmates of the garrison together, and told them it was

proper that thanks should be rendered to their heavenly Father for preserving them through the night, when so many dangers threatened them. All immediately assembled in an apartment of the building, which was devoted to religious exercises. This was the only attempt of vengeance which the Indians ever made to attack the block house while it stood, thro' the Indian wars.

Hutoka and young Sebattus had been all the morning engaged in conversation, and he had been pressing his suit with much vehemence. He had got so far along that he had intimated to her that she would not get rid of him so easily as she might imagine. The truth was he began to exercise an authority which was not at all becoming even in an Indian gallant.

'Your father promised me you should be mine, and me now will have you,' he said seizing her hand and looking into her face while his eyes flashed and his countenance showed evident marks of anger.

'Away! and touch me not,' she exclaimed in a voice which would have made even a harder heart than his feel some misgivings.

She suddenly withdrew her hand from his grasp and proudly stepped back two or three paces from him.

'Come not near me,' she continued. 'I have always told you I did not and could not love you, then why press your suit under such circumstances? Would you by superior strength force me to live with you? There is a spirit in here, (placing her hand upon her breast,) which cannot be controlled by any earthly power. It is such a spirit as swelled my father's heart, but without his prejudice and hate to the white men.'

'You love white men then?' he said in a voice choked with rage.

'I hate not the white man, although he has, no doubt, committed many wrongs, and so have the Indians,' she sternly replied. 'I would hate none of the human family, but if you persist in your wicked course you will compel me to hate you, in spite of all my efforts to restrain the evil passion.'

While they were conversing, Parsons and his old companion arrived upon the hill which overlooked the lodge and the lake. As good luck would have it, they had steered a very direct course through the woods to the spot they were so anxious to find.

'There it is—there's the cage that holds the beautiful bird,' said the old hunter. 'We must proceed cautiously, for some of the black rascals may be with her. I wonder we hav'nt met some of them to-day. I expected it, I had made up my mind to have a brush with them.'

'It is the wigwam, I think, from Hutoka's description,' replied Parsons in a tremulous voice. 'How shall we break the news to her of her father's death? Oh I tremble at the thought.'

'Let me do it, for I killed him,' replied the old hunter. 'She's a reasonable woman, and will bear up under it like a true philosopher, no fear of Hutoka. Let us descend the hill cautiously and examine the premises.'

They now moved softly down the declivity, and concealed themselves in a clump of small fir trees within a few rods of the cabin, and then listened most intently.

'Hush!' whispered old Bill. 'I hear voices, there is more than one, her Indian lover is with her perhaps. Cock your gun, and be ready for action, for she's worth a small skirmish.'

'I hear them too,' said Parsons; 'mark! that's Hutoka's voice. What shall we do? how shall we proceed? If we go suddenly into the wigwam, one of us may be shot before we can have time to avoid it.'

'Prepare your gun and be ready,' said the old hunter. 'I will pronounce the name of Hutoka and that will bring them out.'

All was now ready, and the old hunter pronounced her name twice in a

clear, distinct voice. 'Hutoka! Hutoka!' and her name was echoed back from the hill they had just descended.

She rushed from her lodge, leaving the astonished Sebattus behind. Parsons saw her as she came out, and immediately stepped from the bushes. She saw him and flew towards him, exclaiming, 'my father! my father! Is he dead or does he yet live? Speak and tell me! Ah, he's dead. I see it written on your countenance. O, did you kill him? Then this lake shall be my grave. O speak! Let me know the worst!'

Parsons was so overcome that he had not the power to answer her questions, but stood and gazed upon her in silence. By this time Sebattus had come out and stood beside the lodge. The hunter's keen eye was upon him in an instant---he raised his gun to fire.

'Hold!' she exclaimed, 'and murder him not' Scorn to fight a wounded Indian.

'Let him give up his gun,' and I will not fire,' said the old hunter.

'His arm is broken; he cannot use his gun,' she replied, running to the lodge and bringing Sebattus's gun to the old hunter. The Indian was so much alarmed, and being wounded too, he did not attempt to prevent her from taking his gun.

'Here take it,' she said, handing the old hunter the gun. Then turning to the trembling lover, she continued. 'Where is my father?'

'He's dead!' said Parsons in a tremulous voice scarcely above a whisper.

'Ah! I'm not surprised,' she said, hanging her head, and covering her face with her hands. After a moment's silence she raised her head and continued. 'Did he fall by your hands?'

'No; he did not shoot him,' replied the old hunter. 'I pointed the fatal weapon, and saved our garrison from being fired by him.

'Enough! I must be reconciled!' she exclaimed, falling on the neck of the trembling lover.

'There! I told you she was a reasonable woman,' said the old hunter.

'You're now where I should love to be, if I were as young as I was once.'

A happier meeting was now witnessed between the two lovers than this. The old hunter seemed to enjoy it almost as well as the parties more immediately interested. A full explanation of all the circumstances of her father's death was made to Hutoka. The young Indian, Sebattus, was suffered to remain in the lodge, for she would not allow him to be shot, although the old hunter would have done so but for her remonstrance. The idea of carrying him a prisoner to the garrison was suggested by him, but she objected to this course, and they let him go.

Taking the most valuable articles of her wardrobe, she accompanied them to the Block-house. In the course of a few weeks the Indian maid and Parsons were united in marriage. The day after the nuptials were performed, Dorcas Rand was found hanging dead upon the limb of a beech tree which overshadowed the Indian's grave. In a fit of insanity and despair the poor girl had taken her own life. The disaster had been growing upon her for several months, until the marriage of Parsons formed a crisis, and she was driven to suicide to put an end to her troubles.

Peace, after a long time of sufferings and trials the most severe, was finally restored to the inhabitants. They left the Old Block-house and scattered about on farms in the vicinity. They became an industrious and thriving people. Parsons and his lovely wife went to a farm and lived most happy and respectable lives. The old hunter made it his home with the young couple, and a most welcome guest he was: he lived until the infirmities of age prevented him from pursuing his favorite profession and died in the house of his friend.

THE END.

ac  
am









